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# Saturday Evening Post

A POPULAR PAPER FOR PLEASURE AND PROFIT.

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## THE STORY OF A NOBODY.

BY WALLACE PUTNAM BREED.

Whatever you meet's a "nobody."  
Remember this lesson in verse;  
And pity your neighbor, Tom Noddy,  
And open your heart and your purse;  
The fellow was always good-hearted,  
And still untainted by crime,  
But virtuous, weak, and desirous,  
To sit in the cold shadow of Time.

Tom Noddy's good parents were clever,  
And loved their young hopeful as much  
As fathers and mothers do ever,  
In Sunday-school stories, and such;  
They kept his face clean as a whistle,  
But talked of "original sin,"  
They never allowed him a pistol—  
Not even a platting of joys.

They told him the world was all hollow,  
But quickened his mind, and  
Advised them to give him to follow;  
Well-tested, and proved to be sound;  
But never a dollar for pleasure—  
For papers, and pictures and toys—  
Such trifles afford scant measure,  
And were the most fleeting of joys.

Tom Noddy attentively listened  
To all of it, and wonder'd  
With eyes of sad wonder that glistened  
Like diamonds, just out of the rough;  
But when the poor fellow grew older,  
And entered the battle of life,  
He found his competitors bolder,  
And getting the best of the strife.

Endeavor succeeded endeavor,  
And followed disaster so fast,  
That Tom Noddy's heart would ever  
Recover so hopeless a pest;

And, on the broad breast of Time's river,  
Another fair wreck was to drift,  
Without the least struggle or quiver,  
Against the strong current so swift.

Such troubles make people demented,  
Or drive them at once to the mad,  
But those who appear so contended  
Are really the cases most sad:

Such is your neighbor, Tom Noddy!

He knows it, and suffers in shame—

A clever and simple "nobody."

But who is—oh, who is to blame?

WILMA WILDE,

## The Doctor's Ward: THE INHERITANCE OF HATE.

BY MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON,  
AUTHOR OF "CORAL AND RUBY," "ADRIA, THE ADOPTED,"  
"THE CROOKED WIFE," "STRANGELY WED," "CECIL'S  
DEBT," "MADAME DURAND'S PROTEGES,"  
"THE FALSE WIDOW," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER I.

#### INTO THE SHADOW.

DYING. Alone except for the elfin-faced girl shrinking back into the shadow, awed by the presence creeping closer as the minutes passed, with a greater dread of the hard face outlined against the pillow than she had experienced hitherto, and yet she had never known any thing differing from dread and awe of that hard-featured old man dying there in the late afternoon of the late October day.

A chill, clouded day, with ghostly lights and shades chasing across the outer landscape already sere with heavy frosts. The chill and the clouds were dissolving together as the hours wore on, and a fine mist filled the atmosphere, gathering faster and heavier and breaking with a dash and a burst at last against the dark old house, rattling the windows of the room in which these two waited.

The gray head on the pillow stirred, and two great hollow eyes opened with the vacant stare of half-unconsciousness changing to a vague comprehension as familiar objects about met his sight.

"What was that?" he asked, in a voice sharp and rasping.

"Rain," the girl answered. "A storm has been all the day gathering."

"Rain and storm," muttered the dying man, "rain and storm, devastation, ruin, waste-good! Winds blow, lightnings burn, thunders crash; I can die easier with them tearing their way through the world. Curse the world and all in the world, I say!" The vehemence with which the last words were uttered was appalling, considering how close he was upon that verge of the world which breaks into eternity. It was exhaustive as well, and he caught gaspingly for the breath which gurgled through his throat with a harsh rattle. The girl made haste to put a cordial to his lips which he swallowed with an effort. The hollow eyes glared up at her in a way which sent a shiver curling the blood in her veins.

"You! Why is not Gerrit here? You know I never want you."

No need to tell her that with all the years of her remembrance passed in the gloomy places, and not one affectionate word which she could recall he had ever addressed to her. She had been an object of aversion to him, banished from his sight sometimes for days together, but always as carefully secluded from contact with that outer world which he was cursing with his dying breath. What a morbidly unhealthy atmosphere for the girl-nature to expand in! One might question if the taint of it would not cling to and corrode the entire afterlife. But this girl carried a pathetic appeal stamped on the thin dark features, and looking out of the big, wistful eyes which must have struck a sadder chord than any the careless worldly heart often responds to, a look which might have struck a chill of apprehension in a generous heart, a foreboding of an unhappy life darkling ahead, a desire to ward off the brooding trouble, whatever it might be, from that childish figure, timid and shrinking, still and self-contained with the mastery of habitual reserve.

She answered his harsh words quietly.

"Mrs. Gerrit has gone for the medicine which was ordered. It is so near the doctor's hour I think she must be waiting for him. She had no umbrella, and it is raining fast. Shall I sit by your side?—I will be very quiet."

He turned his head slightly with an impatient gesture.

"No, no. Go away out of my sight. God



"You are nothing to me—nothing! You were cursed before you ever saw the light!"

knows there's no comfort in the sight of you; no comfort that you ever came into life, and less loss than even I shall be when you quit it."

She drew back a step, clasping her hands, a quick pallor sweeping across her small dark face.

"Oh, why do you hate me so?" she cried, in a low, breathless way. "Why is there no one in all the world to care for me? Who am I—what am I, that the only being in the world on whom I have any claim can find no comfort that I ever came into life? I must be something to you, or hating me as you do you would not have kept me here. Why am I so kept away from other people; why do tell me—why do I?"

A deepening purplish tint was in the harsh face upon the pillow; his labored respiration was shorter and louder. With an effort he raised himself in the bed, stretching out one quivering hand, his difficult articulation intense with a bitterness which burned every cruel word upon the girl's remembrance with an infaceable stamp.

"You are nothing to me—nothing! You were cursed before you ever saw the light. If there be any one in all this world upon whom you have any claim, that one of all living mortals has greatest cause for hate and dread of you. If ever you fancy you have found such a one, tear your own heart out rather than attempt to press any such claim, if you would not call other curses upon the hour you were born. Yours is a dead life. If you ever pray for any thing, pray that you may never be the cause of a living death."

"I told you before that I had not kept them, that they were destroyed years ago," he answered, speaking with difficulty but quite distinctly, while his eyes never wavered from her face. "You would have kept them and pored over them, and been discovered at last. I was wise in putting it out of your power to bring harm upon yourself."

"You will not give them to me? I thought if you would ever soften it might be at this hour."

"And you have no pity," he whispered hoarsely. "It is a mournful, disappointed life which will be ended soon, and its pitiful close does not touch you. Dying alone—as much alone since you have come."

"It is a perverted and willfully wasted life," said the low, steady voice. "Whatever motive may have actuated, or whatever mistaken sense of duty may have prompted, it was a wrong, hard, unsympathetic life from the very first. I can not find fault with myself for having learned my lesson too well. What I am you made me, and I am no more ice or marble—feelingless—now than you were in the days gone by. I have come on a fruitless mission, but I did not come hopeful, and I shall not go dependent."

She turned from him and a bitter spasm convulsed his features, but he made no motion, and in a second more the heavy lids dropped over his eyes, dimming already with the dead numbness creeping over him. The presence of the girl in the room had not been observed by the visitor, until in turning she caught a glimpse of the slight figure outlined against the dull gray outer light. At the same instant suppressed sounds became audible from without, a door opened and shut, and footsteps came nearer through the bare corridor.

A falling vail concealed the face, and while she gazed the form moved swiftly forward across the floor to the bedside of the dying man.

His eyes went up with a startled light in them to meet the woman's eyes looking down as she put out a small gloved hand to touch him. Some unintelligible words bubbled up to his lips, but without noticing his apparent effort to speak the unannounced visitor addressed him.

"I heard that you were dying, and I have come once more to ask for those treasures of mine which you took from me long ago. I could have forgiven you all your harshness and all your cruelty more readily than that. They have never been any thing to you; they have done you no good; they might be turned to do me harm. For the sake of the tie which should have bound us closer once, will you not give them to me now that you are upon your deathbed?"

The voice was low, clear and sweet, but of such an even intonation that it seemed incapable of conveying jarring emotions. The harsh, aged, wasted face upon the pillow had changed strangely. Some look had come into it which the girl by the window had never seen there before, and which seemed a struggle even at that time between bitterness and yearning, between upspringing tenderness and hard resolve.

"I told you before that I had not kept them, that they were destroyed years ago," he answered, speaking with difficulty but quite distinctly, while his eyes never wavered from her face.

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tion?" he asked, as he broke his egg with neat dexterity. "You are generally ready with a budget, Ethel. Is there a new star disputing the horizon with you, or does the reaction begin with the first outgoing of the time?"

"Nothing of the kind, brother. A dearth of news perhaps, since I do not recall an item of late intelligence. There will be plenty with next week and the Latham opening."

"Then, for once, fashionable intelligence is behind the times, or one of the pet votaries has dropped voluntarily into our groove. Who do you suppose is back in town, who, after a year's absence, is prepared to be lionized and favorized in the way some of you ladies lavish upon the Beau Brummels of our date? Guess, my dear?"

"Really," Mrs. Richland's delicate brows arched in a vainly reflective way. "There are so many late tourists putting in an appearance just now that I can not even hazard a guess."

"And you, Ethel; what have you to say in defense of intuition and presentiment? You should surely have been warned by one or the other. It is Hetherville, Erle Hetherville, Gertrude, and there have been sly thrusts made at me already, hints of sackcloth and ashes for us, and wedging favors at no great distance. How is it, Ethel? Have you young people been outreaching our knowledge of this delicate *affaire de cœur*? Now that is hardly generous when so much of it is due to me!"

"I assure you, Howard, this is my first intimation that Mr. Hetherville had returned. Rumor as usual is far too fast. I thought he was not expected until later in the month!"

"Youthful impetuosity, I presume?"

Mrs. Richland cast a glance of interest across at her young sister-in-law. The fair face opposite might have caught her own usual expression of repose at that moment, so far was it from telling the tale she half-expected to read there. Ethel's eyes were upon her plate, her hand idly playing with her china cup. Much or little as Erle Hetherville might be to her, she was equal to meeting the announcement of his return with unmoved complacency.

"You have seen him?" Mrs. Richland asked.

"Unfortunately, no. He called at our house yesterday, after I had left, it appears. Late last night came his note of apology. He is busy with his agent, with a duty trip out of town before he can report here, but will make his own apology in person on the earliest possible occasion."

"He will be quite an acquisition, a general favorite of a year ago, as you recall. Have you any plans for to-day, Ethel?"

"None, I believe."

"I have been thinking"—she was addressing her husband again—"if you have no objection, there is a young girl in whom I have taken rather an interest, whose services might be made available in the house. She is an orphan, quite without relatives, I believe."

"Certainly, my dear Gertrude, certainly. You should be assured of my approving any decision of yours, and your generous philanthropy is a credit which I am proud to acknowledge. Any orders of yours I shall be most happy to put into execution."

Fifteen years of wedded life had not tended to make him unobservant of the tender courtesies which too often close with the honeymoon; but society, which ferrets out more of private life than it is always pleasant to find afloat, had long ago tacitly acknowledged that the Richland honeymoon was perennial. Apparently the lady had entertained no doubt of his gracious concurrence.

"You are very kind, but I will not trouble you. I meant to have remarked that I was not proposing the girl's coming here in the capacity of a servant. She was a ward of Mr. Gregory—Matthew Gregory, lately deceased, who resided some miles out on the old Manchester road."

Ethel, listening with no personal interest in the subject, was surprised at the annoyed, impatient shade sweeping into her brother's face—surprised as well at the doubt and questioning in his eyes as they rested for an instant in sharp scrutiny upon his wife. Her dark orbs met the gaze calmly, and her quiet features were not disturbed by a fluctuation from their habitual repose.

"Very well, Gertrude; do as you think best in every thing, of course. Your judgment is to be trusted, my dear."

It was not often that Mrs. Richland troubled him for an opinion on such a minor point, and his last words seemed spoken as an intimation that the subject dropped there. She was content to let it be so, with the added observation:

"I shall call at your solicitor's during my drive to-day and leave the matter in his hands to be arranged. There may be some legal forms to be observed, though I think not probable. If you care to accompany me, Ethel, you may direct the drive afterward."

Ethel cared sufficiently to signify her acquiescence as they rose from the breakfast-table.

"Will you come into the library, if you are at liberty for a moment?" her brother requested.

"I have a word for your private ear which may as well be said now as at any later time."

She cast a quick, apprehensive glance into his face and hesitated with a half-pint.

"Now, Howard! Will you not be detained?"

"My dear, no; I have fully a half-hour at my disposal. Unless you prefer another time, in which case I can defer to you."

She made a gesture of dissent and followed him, a quiver of nervousness upon her, a certain intuition of what manner of interview his request prefaced.

"I think you must know what there is to be said, Ethel. You know what Erle Hetherville's coming must mean for you. Let me be the first to give you congratulation of the fair prospect which will be speedily yours. I don't know another man to whom I could resign you so willingly."

"But there need be no haste," she protested, faintly. "There is no question of resigning me, Howard. I hope you are not wishing to do so soon."

"Only for your own sake. It is my desire and my advice that this marriage which has been in contemplation so long, shall be consummated at the time first named, and that time is nearly here. You are eighteen, Erle is six years your senior, and your betrothal has been of just that length of duration. My courtship occupied just six weeks, and it is by the light of my own experience that I would urge you to flitter away none of the coming years that will be brighter for being shared together."

Holding his head erect, and with the glow of earnestness shining in his honest face, one could comprehend how the man's heart spoke in his words, and what a wealth of peaceful content his own life embraced.

"Erle will come expecting it," he continued after a moment, during which he had not made a reply. "I wanted to urge you to let no coy spirit interfere with whatever proposal he may make. There could be no more perfect fitness of things than is exemplified in the case of you two. I believe if any other union in the world can be blissfully complete as mine has proved, yours will be that one. Young and naturally adapted to each other, no circumstance has been wanting to perfect the mutual attraction, nothing will be lacking to make it complete to the end. One possible flaw which I warrant you two have never considered at all, I shall

take the precaution to avoid. You have nothing in your own right, my dear Ethel, but Hetherville's bride will have a dower of which she need not be ashamed. There, not a word! it is my privilege to do that much for you, since my little sister was left to fill the place in my heart which must have been a void otherwise. My affection has been fatherly as well as brotherly, I fancy."

"Best and dearest of brothers," she said, her fair face eloquent with love and gratitude. "You would never urge me to any thing which would not forward my happiness, I am sure. You would never ask me to sacrifice that, Howard?"

"I would advise nothing which would not insure it, Ethel. You don't mean, though?"—with a wave of doubt and apprehension struggling into his face—"you surely can't mean?"

"I can't and don't mean to disappoint you if I can avoid it, dear brother. I scarcely know what I do mean, except that I am not quite sure of myself or of Erle. I may become so who knows?—when I have seen him again."

"I think I may be sure of you," Mr. Richland said, with a fond glance down into the fair, winsome face. "A girl's natural shyness, that is all."

"Was it all, oh, Howard Richland, wise in your own way as you may have been, but blinded by your own light of fancied secure content?"

A small sketch-portfolio lay upon the table by which Ethel was standing, and she turned the loose leaves absently after he had left her, a faraway look in the soft hazel eyes, a closer setting than was habitual to the red lips. One of the leaves fluttered from beneath her hand to the floor. It was the merest outline of a sketch, a masculine head in profile, carefully drawn, bold and clear as seen in even that unfinished penciling. She stooped to raise it after one glance swiftly averted, and, crossing to the heart, paused there, the bit of paper held loosely in her fingers, undecided and wavering for a instant.

"With whom, Crayton?"

"The Richland, to be sure. She deserves the title if any one does. Circé herself never wore more subtle spells. I wonder if I need to tell you how fatal her reign has been?—how deadly fatal, since to fall a victim once is to exemplify the old tale of the moth and the flame; the fascination endures to the end, always a fatal end to the silly moth."

"You need to give me the first evidence that Miss Richland merits the character you have ascribed to her through any willful or intended trifling. It is not so hard to imagine her the worshiped among men and the envied among women."

"My dear fellow, are you susceptible to friendly advice? I have a fancy you may need it yet—beware of the flame! You can never be more mistaken in life than in hanging your faith upon outward appearances. She is the greatest coquette, the most heartless flirt, and unmerciful despot of the day, and to have truthfully averred, is to have gained notorious celebrity among the coquettish, flirtish, and despoiled, of our twin-cities, that I tell you. Better to trust yourself to the tender mercies of sharpers and knaves than to have fallen!"

"Than to have fallen into the unpardonable error of discussing a lady acquaintance in the street—moreover one whose simple acquaintance is an honor conferred on a poor literary hack with sense enough not to presume upon it. It strikes me that these floating 'they says,' from which you have gathered your opinion, doubtless, have little or nothing to do with our business, Crayton."

"Mistaken again," the reporter answered, with imperturbable calmness. "Every thing belongs to our business, my boy, even to the private opinions and public appearances of those two fair beings just gone, and all others of the same class. Bless you! Jenkins would be lost without them, which reminds me that our Jenkins has an item in to-day's issue, with a hope of lengthening it indefinitely, and all regarding the invincible Richland. Like this: 'A rumor is abroad that the brave, lucky, and handsome Mr. E——H——, lately returned from his stately country home and wide possessions in the very heart of fertile, enticing Maryland, is soon to fulfill the expectations of his friends by blending the matrimonial honors with his otherwise already perfect felicities. The fair lady of his choice has been a favorite since last season, the lovely Miss E——R——, with further reference to her charms and hints of her conquests, *ad infinitum*.'

"And probably as correct as two-thirds of such notices are nowadays. No wonder the fashionable public has decimated them as 'intolerable nuisances.' Lenoir answered, chillingly. Crayton gave him a sharp glance, half-knowing and half-doubting.

"Reserve your detestation of the nuisance for Jenkins then, or better still run in a square or so in sympathetic condolence with the injured public. That wouldn't be consistent perhaps, but effective certainly from the pen of Justin Lenoir. Trust Jenkins in his harmless range to make much out of little, but never give me the cold shoulder on his account, my dear."

"They had walked slowly side by side across the square and ascended the steps leading to the editorial rooms. Crayton turned in one direction as he spoke, and Lenoir passed through to his own desk. Somehow all the brightness and misty glory of the day had passed away from him. There was a painful contraction in his forehead—a broad, intellectual forehead it was, his features firm and fine, the rather thin, dark face full of nervous power and energy. Though his eyes were fixed upon the proofs of his own articles awaiting him, it was a moment before he recalled his thoughts to his task.

"Is she all the world says of her?" he was thinking. "Whether or no, why should it be any thing to me? Have I forgotten myself so far as to have need of Crayton's warning? I have had the warning at any rate and it remains for me to profit by it." And there Justin Lenoir turned to his work with a will that for the time left him too absorbed to admit perplexity.

There was only the softest rosee glow lingering in the Richland parlor. The light filtered over the two forms drawn close to one of the west windows, talking in softened tones together, and watching the glitter of a little gilded cross surmounting the spire of a small gray chapel, all but the dome of which already lay in the shadow. Mrs. Richland had withdrawn for a moment. Her husband had not made his appearance yet, and the cook had remarked twice to William Thompson, the footman, that in ten years she had served in the family no three dinners had spoiled through waiting for the master.

The two left in the parlor together had felt the embarrassment of that constrained silence which may drop for an instant upon the most self-possessed belle of the season, the most brilliant and promising young journalist of the times; a silence which Ethel broke by rising and crossing to her present position.

"I am sure you will agree with me in thinking it a pity to ruin the effect of this lingering sunset by ordering lights for a few moments yet. The peaceful quiet of this time and the tinted atmosphere always remind me of the 'dim religious light,' as I saw it once streaming through painted windows over kneeling forms in St. Paul's. I was a very little child, but I think I shall never forget the strains of soft music swelling and rising in a grand organ, or the vivid solemnity of the chant ringing from column to column and echoing through the vast space. The music of our own churches has never seemed so complete."

He joined her, speaking of the various cathedrals of the world, their architecture and adornment, and remarking how impossible it is to point out the fine line of demarcation which separates the perfection of sensuous delights of eye and ear from the enthusiastic fervor of the spirit service in religious devotees.

Listening to his rich, low voice, her earnest eyes looking out to the golden sparkle of the little cross, perhaps that same doubt of herself

to which she had given imperfect utterance that very morning, stirred again in her breast. She did not hear the opening door—they were all orderly, uncreaking doors in the Richland mansion—not the double footfall on the thick velvety pile, heard nothing until her brother's voice broke suddenly audible at her back.

"Ethel, are you too absorbed to welcome another friend, an unexpected friend, after my communication of the morning, and I assure you I had trouble enough to secure him, unluckily, as the fact may seem to you?"

"In an hour then. And in the meantime, Ethel, did you mention the Industrial Fair? As well there as anywhere."

The carriage rolled on, but there was a misty picture before Lenoir's mind still of a pretty face and soft, appealing eyes, and tiny spirals of bright hair clinging to the temples—a picture which was dissipated as a hand descended by no means lightly upon his shoulder.

"Sky-gazing, Lenoir? More profitable than skygazing perhaps, but not precisely the occupation to suit our chief just now. So you are acquainted with *la belle Invincible*?" It was a reporter from his own office who had addressed him so unceremoniously.

"Miss Richland will believe me that the difficulty was not of my making. If she could know how I have sacrificed my impatient inclinations to the rigid consultation of an exact conscience she would applaud rather than reprove."

"With the support of that approving conscience you did quite properly to consult your own convenience, Mr. Hetherville. Nevertheless I am glad that the opportunity of giving you greeting has not been indefinitely postponed, as we were led to expect. And here is Gertrude ready to add to her more weighty assurance to mine."

"First let me present Mr. Lenoir, Mr. Hetherville. According to all rules of contrast you two ought to be excellent friends."

Two minutes afterward Ethel went out to dinner on the arm of this tall, blonde young man, this scion of the old school of aristocracy whose family possessions, coming down through five generations, were seized by voracious Jenkins in furnishing substance for those items of morbid interest which feed the minds of the envious hangers-on of that little central hub of society, about which the circles widen and widen until they are lost at last in the vulgar current of the masses."

"A frightfully demoralized scion, I'm afraid," Mr. Hetherville was accustomed to say in his cheery, off-hand fashion. "I find the family dignity a burden too mighty to be borne by these tender and inexperienced shoulders."

"Than to have fallen into the unpardonable error of discussing a lady acquaintance in the street—moreover one whose simple acquaintance is an honor conferred on a poor literary hack with sense enough not to presume upon it. It strikes me that these floating 'they says,' from which you have gathered your opinion, doubtless, have little or nothing to do with our business, Crayton."

The gentlemen were still at table after the ladies had left them, when a card was brought to Mrs. Richland. She had sunk back in an easy-chair, and with a languid glance at the name looked across at her sister-in-law.

"Have you any objection to my seeing him, Ethel? The person is a stranger to me, a professional gentleman, Dr.—ah—Dr. Craven Dallas"—with a reference to the card.

"No objection whatever, Gertrude. I was about to excuse myself in case it was a private interview desired."

"Don't think of going, my dear. These strange callers are very apt to turn out bards, and I have no presentiment that this one will prove such."

The visitor bowed himself in, a tall, thin man, very sallow, with sparse sandy hair and keen, light gray eyes which swept the entire surface of his observation at a glance, and fixed themselves with peculiar intentness upon Mrs. Richland's face.

He glanced up without rising.

"Will you be seated, Dr. Dallas?"—with a wave of her hand, indicating a chair—and pardon me for reverting at once to the object of your visit. I am at liberty only for a brief time."

"It is in reference to a communication I received from your solicitor, madame, when I chanced to drop in upon him this afternoon. I am guardian to the young girl, Wilma Wild."

"Her guardian! I understand she had been left without a guardian."

The keen, light eyes glanced guardedly toward Ethel, but wandered back to their subtle inspection of Mrs. Richland's quietly unconscious attitude, of the slightly weary face so perfect in its repose, the white hands lying idly in her lap, the soft, dark orbs finding so little to interest her about him that they simply turned their languid surprise upon him and went back to the space before her.

"I was appointed her guardian after the late Matthew Gregory. I am most anxious to acquaint myself with the trust in a manner to satisfy my own perceptions of right and to meet the confidence reposed in me by my old friend."

"Am I to understand then that you object to my proposal regarding the girl?" The soft, black eyes met his fully for the first, the lassitude was stirred by a little faint bewilderment rather than any disappointed expression.

"I am not sure that I object, Mrs. Richland; in fact it might not be wise for me to object. I hope, I do not appear too zealous in assuring myself that this is the best advantage offering to Wilma before I can give my consent. I am a bachelor, maintaining a bachelor's primitive establishment, and it is quite out of the question that I should receive her there. I have been thinking that the child may need schooling; she has not had many opportunities, poor thing! along with my friend who grew misanthropic toward the last. She has nothing at all, as Mr. Gregory, against my wishes I assure you, willed his little property to me; but no pecuniary trifle should stand between me and her best welfare."

"You are very considerate," said the lady, quietly. "I explained to my lawyer that my intention was to give the girl all ordinary reasonable advantages. She will occupy no stated position in the household, though I shall expect her to hold herself in obedience to my own and Miss Richland's wishes. The solicitor, who is fully instructed, I have no doubt, can give you any satisfaction you require. You may like to think further of the matter, in which case you can report your decision to me. Of course I should assume all expense in receiving her."

"I could not consent to relinquish my guardianship or occasional communication with my ward. Assured of those points, I am quite willing that Wilma shall be received into your household—quite positive that a lady of Mrs. Richland's generosity and kindness will be nothing which is not considerate toward the friendless orphan."

"For the time, upon those or any terms. I became interested through hearing of her utter desolation, perhaps I mentioned. Should the first arrangement prove unsatisfactory in any point, the freedom of retreating from it may be wisely accorded. That is sufficient, I hope."

"All-sufficient, my dear madame. And, by the—"—with another glance toward Ethel, simply unobservant of them, as he rose to go—"I believe you visited my friend when he was too low to be intelligibly consulted on any matter. He was intrusted with considerable independent business at one time, and his papers have all reverted to me. If any point was left unsettled I may be able to attend to it."

"You are mistaken," Mrs. Richland answered, her dark eyes opening in cool surprise. "Some other visitor, perhaps. I had not the pleasure of any dealing with the late Mr. Gregory."

"Ah—strange! Let me beg that you

daring followers, who swept all resistance away like cobwebs, and avenged in that hour many a cruelty inflicted by Russian hands.

In ten minutes more all was quiet, the last soldier slain, and the houses and barracks fired. A huddled crowd of helpless women and children, with a few men whose uniform told that they were officers, were gathered on the parade, surrounded by enemies, and awaiting the sentence of the Circassian leader.

The prophet rode forward, a short, square man, of great apparent strength, a green robe and turban shading his glittering mail, and called out:

"Let the chief of the Muscovite dogs be sent to my own stronghold, to be kept for exchange with our own people. Let the women and children be coupled together and sold for slaves. I have spoken. Return to your mountains, children of Allah."

He was about turning away, when the clatter of hoofs was heard, and a horseman rode in at full speed and threw his horse on its haunches before Schamyl.

"Great prophet," he said, "the outlying party on the Tiflis road has captured an infidel woman of surpassing beauty, and they report a heavy column of the enemy coming from Tiflis, with a General's flag."

"Send the prisoners away by the passes to the secret ravine," said Schamyl, eagerly. "We will try conclusions with this column in the woods. Hamed Bey, take charge of the prisoners. I myself will lead the rest."

The girl known as Anna Bronk sat patiently in a corner of the tarantass, where her captors had left her, when they found what sort of a prisoner they had taken. The vehicle had been drawn off the road and encircled in a thicket. It was pitch dark, and she was apparently unguarded. Not a sound struck the ear since her captors had left her there, and she had heard the vanishing echoes of horse-hoofs.

"Why should I not try it?" she suddenly said to herself, as she found herself undisturbed.

As the thought struck her, she sprung up and out of the carriage, and stole off through the woods. She knew not whither she was going, only she had a vague idea that she was leaving the coast, and approaching the Turkish frontier. Toward that she had been endeavoring to come ever since her escape, and toward that she felt she was going now. She had lost sight of the tarantass, and was beginning to flatter herself she was clear, when a hand was laid on her shoulder, and a stern voice demanded:

"Daughter of the Muscovite, whither would you go? Do you think that the warriors of Schamyl are blind and deaf? Your friends are coming on yonder road, and the prophet is ready to destroy them."

The girl exhibited no symptoms of surprise or alarm, as she answered, speaking his own language:

"Why call you my daughter of the Muscovite? I was their prisoner and you have rescued me. Where are the dogs coming?"

"Up the road from Tiflis," said the Circassian, unguardedly. "But how is it that you come to be a prisoner with them, beautiful damsel? I know you must be beautiful, from your voice."

"Never mind how I came there," said the girl, hurriedly; "but tell me, what will your people do with me, now they have got me?"

"You will be set apart for the prophet's harem," said the other, "as the lovesick maidens always are. Were you a true believer, he might even make you his wife. As for us poor warriors, who have only a horse and arms must be content with a mountain-maid."

The girl pressed close to the warrior in the darkness.

"Suppose that you were to carry me off," she said, quietly; "how much could you sell me to the Turks for?"

The warrior started, and ejaculated:

"Staffor Allah, it is impossible—and yet—a hundred thousand piastres would be cheap for such as you!"

She placed one arm in his caressingly.

"The night is dark, and the Circassian is brave," she said. "His horse would carry us out of Schamyl's reach in an hour, would it not?"

"It would," said the other, trembling with excitement. His soul was full of romance and chivalry, like all his race, and he felt all on fire at the moment.

"Listen," said the girl, in a whisper: "you are poor, and you would be rich. You have nothing but horse and arms, and Schamyl is rich. Be brave, and you too may be rich. Mount your horse, and take me behind you, and ride to Tiflis."

"Impossible," said the other; "our scouts are watching the road now for the Muscovites, and if we passed the one, we should run into the other."

"Tell me your name," said the girl, suddenly.

"I am Hafiz, the son of Abdallah," said the warrior, proudly.

"I will remember that Hafiz, the son of Abdallah, is a coward," she said, turning away. "He dares not venture his neck for a maiden's love. Farewell, Hafiz."

The spoke with cutting scorn, and Hafiz cried out:

"Fairest maiden, I would risk perdition for thee. I will help thee away. Let the prophet go hang."

For answer the girl threw her arms round his neck, gratefully, in the true Circassian fashion.

"Thou art my own brave Hafiz," she whispered, softly, into his ear. "And now lead me to the mountains."

"Follow me, beautiful maiden," whispered Hafiz, and he stole off among the trees in cautious silence.

#### CHAPTER IX.

##### THE ESCAPE.

In a short time they emerged upon the dark, narrow road in which the tarantass had been seized, and the false vedette spoke, in a low tone:

"I am the only outpost on this part of the road, but the woods are full of men in ambush a little further on. They expect the enemy in half an hour, from the reports of the scouts. My horse is here."

And he went to a tree, and led out a splendidly-capered horse, on whose housings the gold lace glittered, even in the faint starlight.

"Behold Alkader—the strong one—my princess," he said. "He will outpace any steed on the mountains, and gallop from dawn to dark, and with him will I bear away my princess, my white rose, to the sweet waters of Scutari!"

"Which way shall we go then?" asked the girl, hesitatingly, "if we can not pass by this road."

"We will take the mountain paths to Kars and Erwan, that only I know," said Hafiz, "and ere morning we shall sleep in peace in my own cot on the mountain."

"Nay, nay," said the girl, hastily. "I said not so. You promised to take me to Kearns, to keep me in the mountains."

"Only mount Alkader, sweet princess, and all shall be well," said Hafiz, evasively. "Time flies."

"Tell me one thing," she said, "and I will: Would your people in ambush fire at a rider galloping from this way toward the enemy?"

"Perhaps not," said Hafiz. "They would take him for a scout sent by the prophet."

"Then help me to mount," said she, and stepped lightly on the warrior's hand, with the same remarkable agility that she had displayed before accepting Captain Blank's offer.

Just as Hafiz was preparing to mount before her, the sound of a distant bugle startled both.

"What is that, Hafiz? Listen!" she said, earnestly.

"The Muscovite trumpet," said the warrior, coolly.

"Ay, but how far off are they? Place your ear to the ground and listen. So! Alkader."

The spirited horse tossed his head at the sound of the bugle, and began to fidget. Just as Hafiz, in obedience to his lady's wish, stooped down to the ground, the girl shifted her seat into the saddle itself, and took up the reins.

"The enemy are not a mile off!" said Hafiz, listening. "We shall be able to escape during the fighting without being noticed."

"Perhaps," said the girl, in a tone of scorn. "Meantime, farewell."

And before the astounded Hafiz could realize the trick she had played him, the quick-witted girl shook the rein, and was off at full speed down the narrow road toward the Russians, throwing back taunting laugh as she went.

Hafiz had consented to fly with her, inspired by love and romance. His duty to the prophet neglected was as nothing with him to the *ekat* he would gain among the heroes of the Caucasus, by carrying off a beautiful maiden to the mountains in the teeth of all danger.

The girl herself had enticed him to desert his post, and had fooled and deceived him. He was disgraced forever, unless he could repair the blunder. Mad with rage, he leveled his broadsword, and for all his answer heard the hoofs of Alkader speeding faster.

Meanwhile the fugitive girl herself galloped down the road past the silent woods in safety. The lurking enemies that were encircled there did not stir, as the rapid tramp of the flying steed passed by them; and at last the girl emerged from the woods and saw before her an open stretch of comparatively level road, on which a faint light shone from the sky.

A dark moving mass loomed up in the distance, emerging from a gap in the mountains; and the dull rumble of hoofs and wheels announced that the Russian column was coming unsuspiciously on. Then the fugitive, who seemed to be hunted of all men by Russian and Circassian alike, never hesitated but, urging Alkader with rein and voice, flew straight toward her enemies, the Russians.

In a moment more she was close to a group of horsemen in advance; and the loud command, "Halt!" was followed ere she could obey it, by the reports of three carbines, the bullets whistling past her ears in dreadfully close proximity.

Hafiz spread his hands deprecatingly, and protested:

"Good my lord, how can you suspect your slave of an intention to deceive you? The girl Ayesha was quiet enough with me, and never dared to show temper. If your highness should order her a dose of the stick daily, I warrant me she would soon be quiet. If your highness does not like her, I will even take her back."

The Bey's eyes glittered, and he uttered a sigh of relief as he asked:

"Will you really? Ah, Yussuff, that is well said; and now for your new girl. Where is she, and how did you get her?"

"To please your highness, she is one of those Russians who was found among the mountains by a Circassian chief, having lost her way, and was brought down to the plains with a number of Circassian and Georgian girls, where I bought her."

"Is she beautiful?" asked the Bey.

Yussuff spread his hands in ecstasy.

"A perfect Houri, my lord, with hair like a flowing river, and eyes like two dark pools of water. She is shaped like a gazelle, and can dance like a *gharabaz*" (professional dancer).

"What sort of a temper has she?" demanded the Bey, cautiously. "I want no more Ayeshas, you know."

"Your highness shall see her before buying her," said Yussuff, with a wave of his hand, implying great things. "Have I your leave to introduce her?"

The Governor nodded and turned to Ali, who had been standing by, waiting for orders.

"Bring the woman in, and clear the men out of the ante-room. Go."

Ali escortod Hafiz Yussuff from the room, and the Governor, on the divan, soliloquized:

"This may be a good thing if I can trade off Ayesha, and get this beauty to send to the Sultan. True, the girl cost me a hundred thousand piasters; but will she be cheap if he buys off this mob of complaining people at Stamboul?"

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The old Bey sat ruminating over his project till Al re-entered the room, escorting Yussuff, the slave-merchant, and a vailed female figure, shrouded from head to foot in white drapery. In spite of the disfiguring disguise, there was a certain nameless air of grace and refinement about the figure that riveted attention and excited curiosity. A very diminutive foot, in a tiny red slipper, that peeped out from under the folds of the drapery, assisted to confirm the favorable impression made by the mysterious girl; and the old Bey involuntarily took his pipe out of his mouth, and looked longingly at the figure. Then he turned angrily to Ali and growled:

"Pack, begone, son of a burnt father! Who wanted your black face and yellow eyes in the presence of Paradise? Go!"

All vanished, and the slave-merchant advanced with his silent charge to the foot of the divan.

"Now your highness shall see," he said, "whether I was not right when I promised you a perfect Houri, my lord."

As he spoke he whisked off the white veil, and revealed to the enraptured gaze of Musca Bey the loveliest maiden he had ever seen.

"Allah akbar! God is Great!" exclaimed the old Turk, licking his thick lips at the sight and leering affectionately at the new slave; "she is indeed a Houri."

The girl so theatrically discovered was slender, graceful and rounded in shape, with long plait of glistening black hair, and eyes like mountain lakes, deep, dark and clear. She was richly dressed in the Circassian fashion, and stood calmly before the Bey, looking at him with a haughty grace such as a princess might have used to a slave. Mustapha Bey dropped his pipe, and exclaimed:

"Allah Kerim! she is fit for the Sultan!"

"Her name is Leila," said Hafiz Yussuff.

"Her price is, Ayesha, and a hundred thousand piasters."

"You shall have both," exclaimed Mustapha Bey. "Can she speak Turkish?"

The girl herself answered, quietly:

"If my lord will send me to Stamboul, I can. If he keeps me here, he will find me worse than Ayesha."

#### CHAPTER X.

##### MUSTAPHA BEY'S SLAVE.

The old Bey sat ruminating over the waters of the Golden Horn, and the city of Constantinople basked in its light like a city of fairyland. The long stretches of white wall that rose from the dark-blue waters were crowded with guns, and above them rose the seven hills of Stamboul, the slender minarets of the mosques shooting up like needles around the great domed domes, set off by dark-green foliage below, while palaces and kiosks, minaret and dome, alike combined in a picture of entralling Eastern beauty.

The Bey smoked on for some minutes without speaking. At last he raised his head and looked the pipe-bearer in the face.

"Well, Ali, what would you?"

"So please my lord," said Ali, bowing, and craves leave to see your highness."

"What wants the son of a burnt father?" asked the Bey, irritably. "Did I not tell him never to enter Kars again? He sold me a girl that he swore was as gentle as a lamb, and she turned out as wild as a child of Sheba, and has kept me in the torments of Jehannum ever since. Tell Yussuff to pack."

Ali stood his ground and urged hesitatingly:

"The merchant says that he has brought your highness a girl-slave fit to enter the harem of the Sultan himself. He earnestly desires that you would see her, as he only wishes permission to take her to Stamboul, if your highness does not like her."

The old Bey considered a moment.

"The dog has taste," he muttered. "That child of the evil one, Ayesha, was a beauty. Who knows? This may be a splendid present for the Sultan, and I need not keep her myself."

He ruminated over his pipe in his slow, Oriental fashion, and finally spoke.

"Bismillah! In the name of Allah admit the dog."

The old Bey considered a moment.

"The dog has taste," he muttered. "That child of the evil one, Ayesha, was a beauty. Who knows? This may be a splendid present for the Sultan, and I need not keep her myself."

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## Our Arm-Chair.

**Chat.**—The enormous circulation of popular papers is a fact so significant that the heads of a certain class of "critics" must be thicker than bomb-proof not to see in that universal taste of the public for fictitious narrative, a healthy and needed source of mental enjoyment. For these critics to set up a doleful whine over the "degeneracy" of popular taste is the sublimity of impudence. "The taste of ten thousand is all wrong—is a great evil, but my taste," he cries, "is all right—a great blessing." And what is his taste? Examine his library, and, nine chances to one, you'll find a superabundance of printed novels! and an absence of erudite or religious books. And the papers he reads are the dailies, literally stuffed with sensationalism of all sorts. Pah! this critical cant over popular literature is literally "played out." The great and pleasing influence of the popular paper is confessed and established as one of those facts which only the stupid and bigoted ignore.

—Mrs. H. F. P. writes to complain of the discrepancy of wages as clerks paid in the stores to men and women. She is a saleswoman in a large dry-goods house and gets just twelve dollars a week, while men who are no better clerks get twenty. That there is great inequality in wages is very true, but we think women err in the *rationale* of the matter. It is not true, we are assured by those who hire women, that they are as efficient as men, save in exceptional cases. The number of women who are strong and really able-bodied, and who are promptly at their counters every week day of the month, is very small. The number of "necessary absences" among female clerks is so great that such establishments as Stewart's hire a considerable percentage more than a working force, in order to provide for these absentees. With men it is entirely different. Their steady labor is demanded and given; they learn the business to follow it for life, whether they are married or unmarried; but a woman learns it only to abandon it as soon as she marries. This it is—the woman's want of true commercial value—which makes the discrepancy in wages.

—It is our Mr. Whitehorn who, writing pathetically about growing old, "gets off" this luminous paragraph:

"How well do I remember the rose-tint of romance that brightened the white mists that veiled the paths of the future, that seemed so far off that my aspiring young heart, that beat high with high hopes that let's see: where am I? I'm blessed if I know."

Which is a model in its way (as it doubtless was designed to be) of how to say nothing. We have many a manuscript submitted whose syntax is just as abominable as this, and not always from novices in writing for the press. Many popular writers sling in adjectives and pronouns with a wonderful disregard of good style and correct expression. It is a most excellent practice for authors to *revise their own productions*. If that was done, as a rule, it would spare the manuscript reader and editor much labor of excision. The number of *that's* extracted in the course of a month would frighten a professor of mathematics if he was told to extract their square root.

## SERMONETTE.

IV.

"If you've any thing to give,  
That another's joy may live,  
Give it."

I often wonder if the men-folks love to rummage over things as much as we more domestic creatures do? I wonder if they like to haul over articles, and, when the work is done, heave a sigh that there are no more things to rummage over?

Grandma Lawless and I went up in the garret the other day to look through her old clothes chest, and such a sight of dresses and wearing apparel I haven't seen for an age. I didn't say much at first, and grandma somewhat

wondered at it because I am so seldom silent. She desired to know what I was thinking about, I scarcely knew myself, so I commenced to hum the lines that head this article.

"Grandma!" said I, "what is the use looking over these things, year in and year out? You don't want to wear any of them any more. Why not give them to some poor person who would be glad of them? You'll not be any worse off for your charitable deed, and some else will be much better, as well as happier. It will make another's joy live, and it's nothing more than the duty we owe to those less fortunate than ourselves."

I had a nice time cutting over and altering those garments until I began to love the self-imposed task. I might have got through my work sooner if I had only held a sewing-circle, but those scandal, gossiping, backbiting and reputation-killing affairs I detect and despise. Strong language and weak tea are what you will find the definition of sewing-circles to be in the "Lawless" dictionary. I sha'n't say any more on that head, for it might spoil the sale of my dictionary.

There used to rest on my mantelpiece a little toy, valued because it was given to me by one, whose bright blue eyes have long been closed in sleep under the daisies. Well, every week a poor little girl came to our house for a bit of our help, and eagerly did she always gaze on that toy, as though she wished to possess it. I then thought how willing grandma was to give up her clothes "that another's joy might live," and it struck me that Eve was selfish to keep back the toy that would so gladden a child's heart. Though it caused me many a pang to part with it, I conquered my feelings and let it go.

Was it not better to let the child have it, and if the spirit of our departed ones are allowed to rest upon us—would not his spirit feel pleased at what I had done? In life, it was his delight to make the hearts of others happy; and if his toy could bring one spark of sunshiny into a clouded life, it would have been just wicked of me to do contrary to what I did.

Now are not some of you withholding what will give others joy? You may have articles you do not need put away, hoarding them up because you are loth to part with what once belonged to you; still, it is better to give them to the living. You will feel as though you were doing as the departed ones would have wanted you to do. It is no disrespect to the dead, and you are over sensitive if you think it is so.

These little joys we can give others are so numerous, and the calls for them so many, that it is a great mystery to me why we are not more lavish of them, and why we want them all given to ourselves, and are so miserly as not to wish our neighbors to have any portion of them.

The cruel words and intuitions we say against our fellow travelers will neither make them or us one whit happier, but the kindly ones will

have never passed from their memories. We may forget the good we do, but not the good that's done for us. If you haven't clothes or money to give to the poor, don't begrudge them a kind word. Surely, that isn't much to ask of you, and it will certainly bring in a rich reward, if not in this life, certainly will in the next; but we rarely, if ever, think of that, although we most assuredly should do so.

Perhaps I have these strange feelings for the poor because I have been thrown more among them than the rich, and know their feelings keener than some others can do. I know they want kindness, so, my dear friends, think of them as brothers and sisters, and if you have anything to give, give it, but give it with a kindly hand.

EVE LAWLESS.

## TWO SIDES TO THE QUESTION.

Why is it that newspaper editors of all degrees never have a vacant corner reserved for them? They fill it in with some advice as this: "Wives, see to it that your homes are made pleasant. That neatness and order prevail, that no discordance jars upon the understanding, that yourself and your children be always habited tastefully, that above all you meet your husband, returning harassed and weary and heavy-hearted, it may be, from the trials of his day's business, with a smiling countenance and pleasant word which shall turn aside his burden and make him thankful for possessing such a home."

Oh, wives and mothers, who draw your eyes away from such a paragraph with a sigh, and a darkening of the discontent which has drawn lines in once patient and comely faces, which has sharpened tempers and features at once, and marked that little paradise of an humble home so charmingly drawn by the editor's facile pen as an illusion which never existed and never will exist except in such trumpery quill words, or in the fool's paradise of lovers' imaginations. What visions come up of executions discontinued long ago! Of long forbearance, of struggling against the deadening sense of unappreciated effort, of self-subduings never recognized, of a growing crust of indifference and of rebellious and bitter thoughts gaining an ascendancy, never touched or swept away by the magic of a loving husband's sympathy.

It is all well to teach woman's duty to her master, man, but would it not also be well to put in an occasional word on the other side of the question? Would it not be well to ask if the *means* of making home bright and pleasant are always placed within the power of the wife? How many self-asserting husbands are there who consider it incumbent upon their dignity to manifest the supremacy of their mastery in all those little ways which destroy the equality between them, and degrade the wife in her own mind by always keeping alive the fact that she is only the merest creature of his will.

How many come home from their day's work and no sooner put a foot upon their own thresholds than they shut themselves in a chilling, somber cloud! They have been perplexed during the day. There have been little annoyances, slight or disagreements, passed over at the time and pressed out of mind by the swift, steady flow of business, put aside because, forsooth! it would seem beneath manly dignity to evidence the rankling displeasure they have occasioned there in the presence of fellow-workmen or employees; but it is not beneath manly dignity to darken the hour of home-coming with their recurrence and the brooding resentment which may be cherished to any obtrusive degree there in the home sanctuary. It is beneath manly dignity to discuss business matters or consult upon them with the wife meeting him there, to question kindly of her cares during the day, or to propose a recreation which may be mutually shared after their different degrees of trial, but it is not beneath that same manly dignity to decry whatever may be amiss in the household with such little tact or such total lack of all consideration as to plant quiet resentment in the wife's breast. He has his evening paper and absorbs its contents in the same gloomy, silent mood. There was once a time when she planned little surprises, and took time and trouble and expended all her taste in quiet adornments, and the disappointment which followed the failure of commendation there has merged into the sullen despondency which meets his coldly-spoken reprimand now. If

home proves itself too unattractive, he strolls out after dinner to his club or to the theater, and puts on his pleasanter mood for the benefit of the passing acquaintances he meets there, only to be put off again when the two shadows meet and mingle—his home and his coming there.

If the wife looks into the evening paper, it is with almost a guilty sense of neglecting some duty by taking the time, so constant are her cares and the requirements exacted from her. Her evening recreations are few and far between, and even the interest of the paper fails, she is so far removed from the doings of the world and the people of whom she reads.

It is the wrong system, whose roots strike so long and deep that no quick reformation can compass them, working at variance in these clouded homes. It is the different way taken by each, the wide estrangement, the failure to reciprocate each other's feelings and to bear with each other's failings and lighten each other's burdens, rather than cast all blame upon either one, all responsibility, and of assuming and feeling a martyrdom each which results in worse than indifference, in recrimination though or spoken, in a wider widening of the breach, in cherishing and nourishing the familiar demons which never exist in happy hearts.

Two sides to the question! and most often the wife's well-meant and patient efforts have been worn out, her timid outreaches of affection cast back upon themselves, and her tired spirit bent and broken before utter hopelessness of the case is reached—if it ever be reached, indeed! Mutual ties can not quite be broken asunder and cast away, and while one remains there exists the chance of a better understanding and a happier change. Alas that so few find it!

## HOME.

God pity him who has no home, and is but a waif drifting about in the great ocean of life. Yes, we ought to pity him, for he has need of our pity. Yet, when we do have a home, how little do we value it! We only know what a blessing it is when we lose it. Wandering through foreign lands, surrounded by every luxury and enjoyment, our hearts will long to return to the home and scenes of our early days even if they are only a rough hut and wild and rugged trees growing around it.

Michael may have more justice done to him in America than in Ireland; he may have better pay; he may have no fear of the visit of the tax-gatherer, or the distractress for the "rent"; he may love his adopted country as much as any one born under our bright starry banner, but his thoughts will go "over the sea," to the "land of the shamrock," and fondly will he cling to it. Ireland may be full of its persecutions, but it is *home*, and can we blame him for loving it, or for the fears that will start at the picture of some loved spot where he used to stray when but a "bit of a boy?"

Rev. Elijah Kellogg says in his "Turning of the Tide": "I tell you, no other place ever seems like the one where you played when we were little."

Again, a certain family had met with a reverse of circumstances and had to leave the dear old homestead. It was hard to leave it and all its memories, and, as they are turning from the spot, Mr. Kellogg puts these words into the mouth of one of the speakers: "I tell you, the sound of the bolt going into its place, when he locked the door, gave me the heartache—a volume in a sentence."

As there is no dearer place than home, so is there no malady equal to homesickness, and for which there seems to be no panacea. We should strive to make homes for ourselves, and fill them with sunshine and happiness that we shall always want to cling to them.

And when we are about to lay our burdens down, to have the cross removed from our shoulders, the tired hands clasped over the weary breast, is it not sweet to know that we shall have rest, and far sweeter to know we are going home, where parting shall be unknown, where no more shall be buffeted about by strife and turmoil? Then let us live, that, when we feel death approaching, he will have "no terrors for us, for we shall know" we are going home to die no more."

F. S. F.

## Foolscap Papers.

### As a Presidential Candidate.

For many years I have refused to be a candidate for the White House.

I have at last consented.

Yielding to the repeated solicitations, and the unanimously universal calls of my brother-in-law, I put my card last week in the Mirocoplis *Disturber* (weekly), and it reads thus:

"FOR PRESIDENT, IN 1876.  
WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.  
(Signed.) The People of the U. S."

I am the most Independent candidate ever discovered since the invention of Presidents.

To make myself safe and doubly sure of election I shall run on all kinds of tickets, no matter what they are. I am a Republican and a Democrat, a Prohibitionist and a Conhibitionist. I shall be on all sides.

I came out on my own hook and I don't expect to be put out.

Nobody knows how much money I haven't got, and I expect to spend the last dollar of it but what I will be elected with an overwhelming majority or minority—I don't care which, so it is which.

I expect to make the biggest run on record for President. I know all about running. I have run for a dry-goods house. I have run for my life several times, and have very often run for my life.

I shall run so fast this time that it would be very bad if another candidate ran against me, for he will be sure to run off the track and upset his chances.

I intend to set immediately to work and canvass the whole of the United States—it will take a good deal of canvas, I admit, more really than all of Barnum's canvas; but I shall not spare any pains or credit to make it a good job.

I want it understood that I go in for Reform. I begin that at home—one of the worst places to reform.

I know that my enemies will circulate a thousand false reports on me which I have been ashamed of ever since, and have lived to repent, but I will deny right here that I ever murdered my great-grandfather's aunt or was ever hung for taking that other fellow's horse, (this last report I have heard frequently); neither was I drowned by a vigilante committee for setting a house afire and burning six children up.

Neither did I serve a life-sentence in the penitentiary for making a little mistake in the matter of a name once on a piece of paper; and on my word and honor as a gentleman and a man of veracity, I was never shot dead for desertion in the United States army. No, sir.

If I ever have died a drunkard's death at any time, it has slipped my mind.

I am able to swear without assistance that to the best of my recollection I never served three terms in the Lunatic Asylum.

Some enthusiastic men have been going

around accusing me of being the honestest man in the country, and I must say that there are some charges against me which I haven't the heart to deny; but when they say I was once a prominent cannibal in the Feejee Islands my blood boils.

I am well aware that every little mean act I ever did in my life will be resurrected, (and most of the big ones, I am sorry to say); but I hope the good people will not believe a word of them; that's what I am anxious about the most—indeed I am very much concerned.

Very soon my voice will be heard all over the United States. I am getting a trumpet made through which I shall speak, and I can say that it will make my lightest thought so loud that it will be heard for miles around.

I shall be the popular candidate of all nationalities. America is my native land, though I was born in England, came into this world in France, started in life in Germany, was brought up as a Scotchman, and knocked down once for an Irishman.

I will be the favorite of the working-classes, for I am proud to say that is the way I got my start; my

**ONLY.**

BY HENRI MONTAULM.

Only a path through the heather;  
Sprinkled with daisy and violet;  
But 'twas there a youth and maiden met  
Once in the springtime weather.

Only a rose half-blown:  
A rose half-blown in a maiden's hair;  
But his bashful eyes as they saw it there  
Sunk beneath to a face more fair.

Only a whisper low:  
As a murmuring brook in its tenderness;  
But a whispered word may oft confess,  
The tale of a new-found happiness,

Such as true lovers know.

"Only a summer's delight,"  
He lightly said, and quickly forgot;  
But a maiden comes oft to the self-same spot,  
Waiting for one who "cometh not"—

And the day fades into night.  
Only a grass-grown mound,  
With a tiny flower at its batch sleeping;  
But beneath a maiden is softly sleeping,  
And a youth with head bowed low is weeping,  
While the dead leaves fall around.

**RED ARROW,**  
**THE WOLF DEMON;**  
OR,  
**The Queen of the Kanawha.**

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.  
AUTHOR OF "ROCKY MOUNTAIN BOY," "THE MAN FROM TEXAS," "OVERLAND KID," "RED MAZEPHA," "ACE OF SPADES," "HEART OF FIRE," "WITCHES OF NEW YORK," ETC., ETC.

**CHAPTER XIII.**

**THE OFFER OF THE SHAWNEE CHIEF.**

BOONE AND THE CHIEF OF THE SHAWNEES WERE alone together in the Indian wigwam.

The white man wondered why the Indian had dismissed his warriors. He guessed that the chief had probably something to say to him privately, and which he did not wish the others to hear; but of the nature of that communication he could not form the least idea.

Ke-ne-ha-ha surveyed the prisoner for a moment in silence.

The dim light of the fire illuminated the interior of the wigwam, so that each could plainly distinguish the face of the other.

At length the chief spoke.

"The pale-face is a great warrior in his nation—many red chiefs have fallen by his hand."

"Yes, but it was in fair fight, man to man," replied the scout.

"The squaws of the slain braves mourn their loss—they call upon the chief of the Shawnees to give them the blood of the white-skin who has stained his hand red with the blood of the Shawnee. The tears of the widowed wives fall thick upon the ground. The heart of Ke-ne-ha-ha is sad when he thinks of the brave warriors that the pale-face has sent to the happy hunting-grounds. Why should not the Long Rifle die by the hand of the red-man?"

"What on earth is the use of askin' any such foolish questions?" cried Boone, impatiently. "You know very well that you're going to put an end to me, if you can. As for the blood that I've shed of your nation, I've always struck in self-defense. If any of your warriors feel aggrieved, I'm ready to meet 'em—even two to one—and give 'em all the satisfaction that they want."

Ke-ne-ha-ha looked at the white keenly as he uttered the bold defiance.

"Ugh! When the hunters catch the bear they do not let him go free again, nor do they let the Long Rifle go free now that they have caught him. The red chiefs will punish the warrior who has killed their brothers, without risking their lives against him. The fire is burning now before the council-lodge of the Shawnee. When it burns to-morrow the white hunter will be in its center, and the angry flames shall lap up his blood. The ashes of the Long Rifle alone shall remain to tell of the vengeance of the red chiefs." The Indian still looked with searching eyes into the face of the prisoner as he told of the manner of his death. But if the Shawnee chief expected to see there the signs of fear, he was disappointed, for the iron-like muscles of Boone's face never moved.

"Why in thunder do you want to tell a feller that he's a-goin' to be roasted?" asked Boone, coolly. "Won't it be time enough for me to find out when you tie me to the stake, and I see the smoke a-rising around me?"

The Indian was evidently annoyed that his words had not made more impression upon the scout.

"The white skin does not fear death, then?" asked the chief.

"Yes, I do," answered Boone; "I fear it like thunder. Just you let me loose once, and see how I'll run from it. Lightning will be a fool to you."

The joking manner of the scout puzzled the red warrior. He knitted his brows for a moment, as if in deep thought. Then again he spoke.

"The white chief is a great warrior. What would he give to escape the fire-death of the Shawnees?"

Boone couldn't exactly understand the meaning of the chief's words, though the question that he asked seemed plain enough.

"Well chief," Boone said, after pausing for a moment, as if deliberating upon his answer, "life is sweet; a man would give almost anything for life. But the question with me now is, what can I give?"

"Yourself," said the chief, laconically.

"Eh?" Boone could not understand.

"The white chief is a great brave; he has put to death many great chiefs. If he will become a son of the Shawnee nation, the white warriors will forget what he has done, and will look forward to what he will do."

Boone was considerably astonished at the words of the chief, although this was not the first time in the course of his eventful life that the Indians had endeavored to get him to join with them.

"Become a Shawnee, eh?"

"Yes," answered the chief.

"Then the Shawnees will not burn me?"

"No."

"But if I refuse?"

"To-morrow's sun will rise upon your death."

"If I become one of your tribe, what am I expected to do?"

"Take the war-path with the Shawnee braves against the white-skins," answered the chief.

"That is, betray the men who speak my tongue—who and my brothers—into the hands of your people?"

"Yes," replied the chief; "my brother speaks with a straight tongue."

"I'll see you hanged first!" muttered Boone, indignantly, to himself, but he was careful not to let the speech reach the ears of the Indian. He fully understood the dangerous position that fate had placed him in, and the thought flashed through his mind that if he could deceive the savages by pretending to accept their offer, he might delay his execution—gain time, and possibly, through some lucky chance, contrive to effect his escape.

Boone had been fully as near to death before,

and yet escaped to tell of it. He did not despair even now, though a prisoner in the midst of the great Shawnee tribe.

"How long will you give me to think over this proposal that you make me?" Boone asked. "You know a man can't change his country and his color as easily as to pull off a coat and put on a hunting-shirt."

The Indian thought for a moment over the question of the scout. Bound securely as he was; surrounded, too, by the Shawnee warriors, escape was impossible. There was little danger in delaying the sentence of the white-skin.

"Will until to-morrow suit my brother?" asked the chief.

"To-morrow?" said Boone; then to his mind came the thought that, before that morning came, something might transpire to aid him to escape. "Well, until to-morrow will do, though it's a mighty short time for a man to make up his mind on such a ticklish question as this."

"To-morrow then my brother will say whether he will become Shawnee or be burnt at the stake to appease the unquiet souls of the brave warriors that his hand has sent to the hunting-grounds?"

"Yes," answered Boone, "to-morrow you shall have my answer." But, even as he spoke, in his heart he prayed that some lucky accident might aid him ere the night was over.

"It is good," replied the chief, gravely. "Let my brother open his ears. The chief of the Shawnees would talk more."

"Go ahead, chief," said Boone, who wondered what was coming next.

"My brother is a great warrior; he has fought the Shawnees many times—fought also the Mingoes, the Delawares and the Wyandots. Many a red chief has leveled his rifle full at the heart of the white brave, but the bullet was turned aside by the 'medicine' of my brother."

Boone understood the superstition of the Indians. He saw, too, that possibly he might use the belief of being invulnerable against rifle-balls to aid him in this desperate strait.

"The chief will be silent if I speak?" Boone asked, mysteriously.

"The heart of Ke-ne-ha-ha is like the pools

fashion to her. She implored me to take her back to the settlement and promised all sorts of rewards."

"She'll be quite ready then to look upon me in the light of a deliverer, I suppose," said Murdock, a smile lighting up his sallow features.

"All right," replied Bob, while Benton silently nodded his head.

"All you've got to do is to go in and win," said Bob, with a grin.

"That is just what I intend to do," replied Murdock, enjoying his triumph in anticipation.

"Say, got any more corn-juice?" he asked.

"No," replied Benton, in a surly way.

"That's a pity," said Bob, reflectively.

"What did you want to go and drink it all up for?" asked Benton, indignantly.

Benton that morning had produced a large flask of whisky, and left it with Bob while he went off to shoot a squirrel for breakfast. On his return he found that Bob had drunk up the entire contents of the flask and was in a drunken slumber. He had just awakened out of it when Murdock came.

"It was 'tarnal good corn-juice,'" said Bob, smacking his lips at the remembrance.

"Well, you didn't leave any for me to taste, so I don't know whether it was or not," said Benton, in ill-humor.

Murdock smiled grimly as he spoke.

"Well, dog my cats if it ain't as good as a show," said Bob, with a laugh all over his huge, ugly face, at the idea. "I shall have to be round to witness the interesting meeting."

"Yes; you must make yourself scarce as soon as I take the girl off, for you'll have the whole country on your trail. Of course I shall have to describe where I found her."

"But, s'pose they do come arter us, how kin we kiver up the trail?" asked Bob.

"Oh, easy enough," replied Murdock; "the moment you strike the trail on the other bank of the Kanawha, who can tell whether you go up or down? There's too many fresh marks on it for any one to be able to pick out ours."

"There isn't any danger," said Benton, calmly.

Astonished, they obeyed the gesture. Evidently something was the matter.

"Who saw the girl this morning?" demanded Murdock, when they approached.

"I did," responded Benton.

"At what time?"

"Just after sunrise."

"I hope so; you had better wait till I get out of sight with the girl; then make your way back to the settlement," said Murdock.

"All right," replied Bob, while Benton silently nodded his head.

The Murdock left the two and took a circle through the wood which would bring him to the back of the cabin.

Bob watched Murdock until he was out of sight; then he turned, abruptly, to Benton.

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Point Pleasant called Kanawha Kate, and whom the red chiefs, in their fanciful way, termed the "Queen of the Kanawha."

In the interior of the lonely cabin a strange scene presented itself to view.

On a rude couch of deer-skins lay a man. He was moaning, helplessly, as if in great pain.

The shirt that covered his manly breast was stained with blood.

From the position in which the wounded man lay—on his side, with his face buried in the folds of the deer-skin—his features were concealed from view, yet from the pallor of the little part of his face that was visible, it was evident that the man had been stricken nigh to death.

By the side of the suffering man knelt the brown-cheeked beauty, Kanawha Kate.

Anxiously she bent over the stricken man. A little cup of the muddy water from the Kanawha was by her side, and with her hands, wet with the discolored drops, she bathed the feverish temples of the wounded man.

Tender as a mother nursing her first-born, the girl laved the hot flesh.

As the cooling touch of the wet, brown hand passed softly over his temples, it seemed to ease the pain that racked the muscular limbs.

The rigid lines of the face, distorted by the agony of pain, grew soft. The moans of anguish were stilled. The simple treatment of the girl was relieving the torture felt by the stricken.

Eagerly the girl watched the face, and smiled when she saw the muscles relax and the painful breathing become slow and regular.

"He will not die!" she cried, in joy, but bare-ly speaking above a whisper, for fear of disturbing her patient.

"He will live and owe that life to me. Oh! what joy in the thought!" Then in a few moments she remained silent, watching the pale face before her with many a long, loving look.

Few of the settlers who had Point Pleasant who had seen Kanawha Kate roaming the forest, rifle in hand—as good a woodman as any one among them—would have guessed that, within the heart of the forest-queen was a world of tenderness and love.

They had seen her bring down the brown deer with a single shot, wing an eagle in his airy circle in the sky and bring the kingbird tumbling to earth; had seen her when the Ohio, lashed into white, crested waves by the mad winds, bid defiance to the boldest boatman to dare to cross it, launch her dug-out and fearlessly commit herself to the mercy of the dash-ing waters.

How could they guess that with the dauntless courage of a lion, she also possessed the tender and loving heart of a woman? But so it was.

"It was Heaven that sent me to his aid," she murmured, gazing fondly on the white face. "How beautiful he is; how unlike the rough fellows in yonder settlement," and the girl's lip curled contemptuously as she spoke.

"He is a king to them. Oh! what would I not give to win his love; but that thought is folly. I am despised by all; but no, there is one who speaks fairly to and thinks kindly of me—Virginia Treviling. She has a noble heart. She is the only one in

"Don't get your back up; I only suggested it. You've got the temper of an angel, you have. If you ever do get a husband, you'll comb his hair with a three-legged stool, I reckon, whether his skin is white or red."

The girl made no reply, but turned away her head with a look of scorn.

"Sein' as how I was round the clearing, I thought I'd call in and see how you was. I didn't expect to find the old cabin turned into a hospital."

"Would you have had me leave this poor fellow to die in the wood, like a dog?" asked the girl, spiritedly.

"Life ain't worth much, anyway," said the renegade, contemptuously. "One man ain't missed in this hyer big world."

"What brings you so near the station?" asked Kate.

"Aint it natural that a white man should want to see some of his own color, once in a while?" asked Kendrick, with a grin.

"Your color!" said the girl, in scorn; "though your face is white yet your heart is red! yes, as red as your hand has been with blood. In yonder settlement they call you the white Indian, and they would tear you to pieces if they could get their hands upon you—show us as little mercy as they would show a wolf."

"That's true, gal, true as preachin'; but do you suppose the hate's all on one side? I reckon not," and the renegade laughed discordantly. "I've seen many a white man dance while the red flames were burning his life away, and I've laughe at the sight."

"And the guilt and shame that belongs to you clings to me also. I am your daughter, and that I am so is a curse upon my life. It has made me an outcast—forced me to seek a home far from the bounds of civilization. It has deadened all the good in my nature. As a wonder that I am not thoroughly bad, for all think me so." The tone in which the girl spoke showed plainly how deeply she felt the cruel truth.

"Inside of a month the settlers at Point Pleasant won't jeer at you," said Kendrick, meaningly.

"What will keep them from it?" asked Kate, in wonder.

"Ke-ne-ha-ha and his Shawnees. There's a hurricane coming, gal, and Point Pleasant will be the first to feel it. Let 'em laugh now; they'll cry tears of blood soon."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 190.)

### Ytol: or, Lost, Wedded, Widowed and Rewon. A STORY OF TRIALS AND BALMS.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.

ATRON OF "STEALING A HEART"; "BLACK HAND"; "IRON AND GOLD"; "RED SCORPION"; "PEARL OF PEAKS"; "HERCULES, THE HUNGRYBEAGLE"; "CAT AND TIGER"; "FLAMING TALISMAN"; ETC.

#### CHAPTER XX.

Ytol accepts.

"The bar of rank was trampled down, I stooped and raised her to my crown."

"Oh! the fierce sickness of the soul—to see Love bought and sold!"

—BULWER.

"Give me but thy heart, though cold; I ask no more."

—CORNWALL.

Ytol sprung to her feet with the assistance of Lord Somers; but she shrunk before the staring eyes that looked in from the doorway. The Englishman calmly surveyed them.

"Yes," he said, as if in answer to Mrs. Layworth's exclamation, "I am here."

"You are very considerate, my lord, to perpetrate this scandal beneath my roof," sneered Mrs. Layworth, ironically.

"All of which I can explain."

"Oh, no doubt.—Begone!" the last to the servants.

"Oh, Mrs. Layworth!" cried Ytol, advancing with crimsoned cheeks, "believe me, if Lord Somers had not come to my aid when he did, I should have been killed."

"Indeed?"

And Ione echoed:

"Indeed."

"That frightful thing, which you yourself have seen, was here in my room. It had me helpless in its terrible arms, when Lord Somers saved me. I feel that I owe him my life. Won't you believe me?"

"A likely story. Ha! ha! ha!"

"And a true one," emphasized Somers, whose brow was dark as a thunder-cloud. "I regret, madam, that one dare not be a champion for a lady distressed, in your house, without incurring unjust suspicion. I might explain still further, in detail, to your satisfaction; under the circumstances I shall not."

Turning to Ytol he whispered:

"Do not fear. It is in your power to save both your name and mine. I shall leave here immediately. Give you till daybreak to make up your mind. Marry me and all will be well."

He pressed her hand; then with a firm, dignified step, he walked from the room, his gray eyes hard and sternly bent upon the mother and daughter.

Without speaking to Ytol—whose drooping, trembling form scarce stood there, with the Englishman's words dwelling in her ears—Mrs. Layworth and Ione withdrew. The door was not locked this time.

"I hope you are convinced, mother?"

"Come, my child," hurrying along the hall; "it is sufficient. But that shot?—what could it have meant?"

"A mere effort at cloaking the true character of the tableau. You say Ytol's door was locked?"

"By my own hands. You must have seen me turn the key."

"Lord Somers, then, entered by the window, for a *tete-a-tete* with his charmer. His sudden appearance frightened her—she screamed—she fainted." He heard us coming; he fired the pistol—I know he carries one—then invoked her to endorse the lie with which he would endeavor to escape disgrace. All is very plain to me."

"And to me. I would not have you wed Lord Somers, now."

In the lower entry Somers beckoned the porter to him.

"I want you to send to the city," he said, slipping a sovereign into his hand, "and get me a cab."

"Yes, m' lord."

"Have it here by daybreak—promptly. Do you understand?"

"Yes, m' lord; you shall 'ave it."

Having attended to this, he retired to his apartments, and packed his trunk. He did not lie down that night, but lighted a cigar and trod the carpet thoughtfully—apparently cool, not varying from his accustomed nonchalance of mien. Underneath the collected exterior, however, he was angered and worried.

With the first gray of dawn he descended to the parlor. The cab was just coming in at the gate, and he noticed it with satisfaction.

Touching the bell he requested a servant to inform Miss Lye that he desired to see her in the parlor.

After a short absence, the messenger returned with:

"She'll be down in a minute, m' lord."

A feeling of pleasure thrilled him. The fact of her agreeable reply promised well for his hopes.

When the young girl entered he was surprised at the change that was visible in her.

The blue eyes were bright, the cheeks were rosy, there was a resolute mold in the sweet face, and her voice, when she spoke, was strangely firm.

"You see," she said, with a gesture, "I obey."

"And it tells me that you have decided in my favor."

"Upon conditions—yes."

"Name them."

"Do you assure me that there is nothing binding between you and Ione Layworth?"

"I do."

"Another thing; are you willing to take me, knowing what I am, and not who I am?—without my being able to indicate who were my parents—all you start?"

"Go on—say it all."

"With the possibility of my being the offspring of some miserable pair, whose record may be stained with crime, the revival of which would make you blush?"

"Impossible!" This can not be."

"I have not asserted that it is so—yet it is possible, for I know not otherwise."

"I had not dreamed such a thing."

"You had no cause. You see, now, my lord, you have done too much in blindness. As I told you at the lake, you would not wed with such as I am."

Ytol was talking plainly, bitterly. She seemed altered completely; something, some powerful influence was working within her as she spoke.

"You are mistaken," he interrupted, quickly, stepping to her side; "I love you. I want to possess you. Tell me, am I to have you?"

"You have weighed this well?"

"Yes—all."

Only for a second did she hesitate.

"Then I accept." Here is my token."

She extended her hand; he clasped it—he drew her to him, and imprinted a kiss upon her lips. But there was no responsive pressure there; the embrace was cold and formal.

"The cab is at the door. Ytol; make haste."

"My trunk is ready; I packed it last night. I intended leaving Wilde Manor whether with you or not. The sooner we are off the better."

Somers half-paused. It was so utterly unlike her previous manner toward him, yet so markedly strained, that he could not fail to notice it. But he had won her. For the present he was satisfied.

The trunks were brought down and strapped onto the waiting vehicle; soon they were ready.

"Where is Mrs. Layworth?" he asked of the sleepy porter, who was just getting lazily to his post.

"She hasn't come down yet, m' lord."

"Then I will not be able to see her. Inform her that I am gone."

They entered the cab and were driven rapidly away; and the porter, thoroughly awakened now, stared gazing after them.

"What's up, I say?" m' lord Somers an' t' government a-goin' away—with their baggage. What's up, now, I wonder?"

Ytol gave one glance back at the fading house, whispered an adieu to Wilde Manor; when her soul grew rigid with the mask it wore.

Did she realize what she was doing? There was not one particle of affection in her heart for the man she was about to marry. Her action was the impulse of despair, her spur the stern force of necessity.

We see it every day around us; lonely ones accepting the seeming possibility of relief from woe, which marriage holds out to them—to find, alas, that it is but a phantom, which only leads the aching spirit to a deeper gloom, and wraps the mantle of a double misery round the shattered being.

As they rattled over the road, another cab passed them, going toward the Manor. In it were two men.

And there were others riding swiftly for Liverpool, in the first glow of the morning. The second cab had hardly passed in through the gate when a man and woman on horseback came thundering by.

They were in hot pursuit.

The departure of Somers and Ytol had not been unnoticed. Ione, standing at her bedroom window, saw the conveyance drive off. She ground her white teeth in rage, and a dire exclamation burst from her lips.

With starting, straining eyes, she watched after them, and her bosom heaved in a tumult of emotion.

Mr. Layworth was apprised of visitors in the parlor, as soon as she descended the stairs. She saw there two strangers.

Paul Faerot and Hoyle Yarik!

"Good-morning, madam," spoke the first.

"We are here on important business. Hope we did not disturb you?"

"Oh, no; what is it?"

"We are in search of a young girl named Ytol Lye."

She started; but it was not perceptible. Faerot went on:

"Her true name is Dufour, and she is greatly interested in the will of the late David Dane, an American, who was a diamond merchant in London. We were on her track in the United States, and traced her to Cape May. At that point, she was abducted by enemies. We got information of it, and pursued them in a yacht. A storm came up, destroying the craft we were in *classe* of; and the next day, we saved one of the crew, whose name was Wharie Dufour, and who is a cousin of the girl we are in search of. We ascertained that Ytol was picked up by a steamer bound for Liverpool, and finally followed the clue to the Queen's Hotel!"

"Quite a romance!" broke in Mrs. Layworth, with affected interest.

"From the Queen's Hotel, we received information that led us to suspect that you knew?"

"That I knew!"

"Where she was. Or, probably, she is now in your house?"

"I am sorry you have had your hunt for nothing," she quietly replied. "Ytol—as you call her—is not here."

Faerot looked blank.

"Blast my teeth!" mumbled Yarik.

"But she has been here, madam?"

"Yes—and left this morning."

"Can you tell us the probable direction she took?"

"I haven't the most remote idea."

Mrs. Layworth could not, or would not give them any hint as to Ytol's course, and they departed at once.

When the disappointed Faerot sunk despondingly back amid the cushions of the cab, and ordered the driver back to Liverpool, Yarik pulled his sleeve, and glanced, with a grin, into his face.

"What is it, Yarik?"

"Do you know who you've been a talkin' to?" he asked, querily.

"I haven't the most remote idea."

The arrival of Lord and Lady Somers was to be the occasion of a brilliant reception—so the Englishman had instructed his valet, by letter, while away.

To please Ytol, it was to be a grand masque, and select invitations were already out.

By nine o'clock the broad salons were thronged with guests, and music, discoursing in a merry strain, filled the house and grounds with delicious murmur.

"No—who?"

"Why, that 'ere's little Ytol's aunt."

"The deuce!"

"Fact. An' I can tell you somethin' about this here affair 'at you don't know yet."

"What is it?"

"Well, it's somewhat of a hist'ry."

"Let's have it. We've time before we reach the city."

"I'll jest kinder give you a s'nopsis, as they say on the play-bills," and Hoyle Yarik's face assumed a mysterious look, as he bit off a fresh chew of tobacco from his enormous plug.

"Lady Somers, where are you going?"

"A figure in pink domino and scarlet mask arrested her as she was stepping out from the festive gathering."

"To walk in the garden. I am tired of this scene—for awhile, at least."

"But they are calling for the 'Evening Star' at the organ. You have won countless laurels to-night, and not one guesses right who it is. Won't you return and play?"

"Do be merciful, my lord. Let me escape, if it be for ten short minutes. I tell you, I am wearied to death!"

# THE SATURDAY STAR JOURNAL

7

## LAST REGRETS.

BY JOHNNIE DABE.

Maiden of the golden tresses,  
 Why look out with glance so cold?  
 Once you sweetly smiled upon me,  
 And you wore my cross of gold.  
 Better than the world beside;  
 By the stars that shone above thee,  
 You would be my bonny bride.  
 But your promise is forgotten,  
 And your laugh is bright and gay,  
 As if ne'er a heart had loved thee,  
 You had no name, no name,  
 In your house of names,  
 Sometimes think of days gone by,  
 When we wandered full of gladness  
 Underneath the starry sky.  
 Then you told me that you loved me,  
 As we sat beside the stream,  
 Now I feel the pain of waking,  
 From some delightful dream.  
 Be it well, sweet dream of heaven!  
 Farewell too all grief and pain!  
 For some angel voice still whispers,  
 Joy will come to me again.

## The Man from Texas:

### THE OUTLAWS OF ARKANSAS.

A STORY OF THE ARKANSAS BORDER.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

AUTHOR OF "MAD DETECTIVE," "ROCKY MOUNTAIN BOB," "WOLF DEMON," "OVERLAND KIT," "RED MAZEPIN," "ACE OF SPADES," "HEART OF FIRE," "WITCHES OF NEW YORK."

### CHAPTER XLII.

MANY THINGS.

In the cool of the evening Foxcroft and Fayette were walking along carelessly down by the levee of Smithville, earnestly engaged in conversation. Yell Ozark and his latest exploits formed the topic of conversation between the two. Foxcroft was seriously uneasy; he trembled lest the outlaw should be captured and reveal the influential friends who had hitherto aided him.

Fayette laughed at the idea.

"Don't worry about that!" he exclaimed. "Whatever Ozark's faults may be, treachery is not one of them. Not to save his neck from the rope would be betray us."

"Men will do a great many things when in a tight place," Foxcroft replied, dubiously. A coward at heart himself, he judged all the rest of mankind by his standard.

"There is not the slightest danger. The chances, too, are a hundred to one that Ozark will not be taken alive."

"But do you think that he will be taken at all?" Foxcroft asked.

"Yes, I do," Fayette replied; "in my opinion he has about come to the end of his rope. I warned him that if he got old Gol Adair on his track the swamps wouldn't save him."

"Then the old fellow is after him?"

"Yes; I saw him and Lieutenant Whimble ride into the village just before sundown. The old man was armed, and it was evident from his looks that he meant business. It will be just as well for us, Foxcroft, if Ozark is finished. He was getting tired with his share of our partnership and inclined to think that we got all the half-pence and he all the kicks."

"Three times, at least, the overseer read the almost illegible words over, and then he took up a pen and with a firm hand deliberately blotted out the faint lines.

"There," he murmured, after he had finished and he sat contemplating his work; "the secret is mine and it is not possible that he can guess or even suspect that any soul in the world except himself knows aught of the past."

Then the overseer got up, folded the paper carefully and put it in a secret pocket in the breast of his flannel undershirt.

Will Fayette had little idea of the impending blow.

thought that you would believe in this southwestern notion of personal vengeance."

"Neither do I," Texas replied, slowly, "but I own I have a strange curiosity to discover who it is that has taken so much pains to baffle my search. But where are you bound?"

"After Ozark," replied Winnie, with a side glance at Gol Adair, who seemed buried in abstraction. "I have telegraphed to General Smith, at Little Rock, for permission to take command of the detachment here and pursue this outlaw. You heard about the killing of the Dutch boy, Pete?" and as he put the question, Winnie sunk his voice almost to a whisper so that Adair should not hear him.

"Yes."

"Adair here loved that boy as if he had been his own son. He has hardly eaten anything since the night when we found Pete in the road, stone dead, with Ozark's buck-shots in his brain. Ozark is gone up now, sure, for the old man is as well acquainted with the swamps as he is, and he'll run him right and day till he squares the account."

"There's my man!" exclaimed the overseer, suddenly, as Judge Yell rode down the street. "I'll see you again!" and then Texas spurred off to intercept the old Judge.

At nine o'clock that night the telegraph dispatch came from Little Rock, authorizing Winnie to take command of the detachment of soldiers whom the outlaw had so handsomely whipped, and at ten, Winnie and Gol Adair, with the five soldiers at their heels, were on their way to arrest the desperado.

The change of commanders had had a wonderful effect upon the spirits of the army, and the five soldiers who had retreated so nimbly from the outlaw but a few hours back were now trotting forward briskly to attack him, burning to wipe out the disgrace of their ignominious defeat.

Gol Adair rode on, gloomy and silent, his trusty rifle lying in the hollow of his arm, and his fingers playing mechanically with the lock.

At three o'clock on the next afternoon the detachment suddenly came upon the outlaw on the East road, a mile or so the other side of the county seat.

A fight ensued, the result of which was one soldier slightly wounded, Ozark dismounted from his mule, hot haste by Gol Adair sending a rifle-ball "plum" through the bridle, and forcing to take refuge in the swamp by the side of the road, leaving his terrible double-barrel gun as trophy of victory to the conquerors.

"Leave him to me!" cried Gol Adair, as he swung himself out of the saddle, and ramming down a charge into his rifle, prepared to follow the fugitive. "One is as good as twenty in this hairy slush." "I'll fetch him!" and then the old hunter dashed into the wilderness, leaving the soldiers to return and tell the story of their victory.

### CHAPTER XLIII.

AT LAST!

TEXAS rode up to the Judge who was mounted on a mule.

"Good-evening Judge," the overseer said.

"Ah, good-evening, Mr. Texas," the Judge remarked, bowing in his usual stately and dignified manner.

"I found a letter belonging to you out near my place," Texas drew the letter from his pocket as he spoke. He had matched the torn scraps together and pasted them on a thin piece of paper.

By the aid of the light which streamed from the window of the saloon near by the Judge examined the letter.

It was simply a note from Bob Howard requesting the Judge to call at his office when he came in town.

The Judge looked puzzled.

"I don't remember ever seeing this," he said, thoughtfully. "I got a verbal message of the same import as this from Howard the other day, but I am certain I never received this note."

"Then Howard must have lost it," Texas observed. "I have a strange curiosity to find out where it did come from. Much obliged, Judge; I'll go after Howard right away."

The overseer proceeded to ride off, and the Judge called out after him:

"You'll find Bob at the General Lee saloon."

Thither the overseer proceeded, and there, as the overseer had said, he found the young lawyer.

Howard remembered the note instantly.

"Oh, yes, I wrote that."

"And did you send it to the Judge?"

"Of course."

"Why, he told me just now that he never received it."

"The deuce he did!" exclaimed Howard in astonishment.

"Yes; he seemed quite positive about it. He said, though, that he remembered receiving a verbal message from you upon the same subject."

"Oh, yes, I remember all about it now!" Howard exclaimed, abruptly. "After I wrote the note and got one of the young nags to carry it, it suddenly occurred to me that the boy might lose it on the way, so I told him what the contents were. I see, the boy told the Judge I wanted to see him, and did not deliver the note at all."

The overseer began to despair; the clue seemed to be no clue at all.

"The boy probably put the note in his pocket," Howard continued, "and then threw it away sometime when he was out by your place. It was that young imp, Jim Crow."

And then a sudden light flashed upon the bewildered brain of the overseer.

Jim Crow was the grandson of old Uncle Snow! He had been asleep in the upper story of Snow's house on the night when the old negro had revealed where the box was concealed. What was more probable than that he had overheard the conversation, and had robbed the box of its contents?

"Much obliged, Mr. Howard," said the overseer, abruptly, and then he rode rapidly away, leaving Howard in a state of considerable astonishment.

Straight to the house of the old negro, Texas rode up; he saw that both the old man and his grandson were within.

Springing from his horse the overseer strode abruptly into the cabin. Drawing a revolver from his belt, he cocked it and leveled the shining tub full at the head of the young black, who no sooner beheld the menace than he went down upon his knees in an agony of terror.

"You young whelp, tell me what you did with the paper that you stole from the tin box or I'll drill a hole through your black head!" the overseer cried, sternly.

"Don't shoot, Massa!" howled the boy, in abject terror; "fore de Lord, I'll done tell you all 'bout it!"

"Where is it?" And as Texas spoke he thrust the cold muzzle of the pistol against the boy's temple.

"Up stirs, hid in de ruff," cried the boy, with a howl.

"Get it immediately!"

Jim Crow did not wait for a second command, but scrambled up the ladder in a dread-

ful hurry; in a moment he was back with a folded paper, yellow with age.

The boy, with the cunning of his race, had overheard the conversation between his grandfather and the white stranger relative to the box, as already recorded, and falling into the error that there was either money or jewels concealed in it, had stolen forth to possess himself of the treasure; but finding only a written paper in the box, he had taken possession of it—with what motive he could hardly have told himself, except that he thought it must be of value to some one, and that, at some future time, he might be able to dispose of it. Happening to have Howard's note in his pocket, he had torn it into pieces and placed them in the box, thinking that one paper was as good as another.

Then the revolver of the overseer, and the abrupt accusation, had been too much for him, and in his fright he had yielded up his ill-gotten treasure.

The overseer put it at once into his pocket without examination.

Uncle Snow, this young imp will stretch a rope one of these days if he isn't careful!" Texas said, dryly; then he retreated from the house, mounted his horse and rode off toward the Smith plantation. And there, in the silence of his own room, he examined the yellow document that for so many years had been buried from the light.

An expression of profound astonishment appeared upon the face of the overseer as he ascertained the nature of the legal paper which was spread out on the little table before him.

"Well, of all the strange chances in the world!" he muttered, after he had carefully perused the paper. Then he turned it over and examined the back of it. Three short lines traced in a strange-colored ink, now almost faded out, and a signature beneath. Not one man out of a thousand would have guessed that the faint-bred ink was of human blood.

The signature was bold and strong.

"John Cooper, Captain, 3rd Texas, C. S. A."

Three times, at least, the overseer read the almost illegible words over, and then he took up a pen and with a firm hand deliberately blotted out the faint lines.

"There," he murmured, after he had finished and he sat contemplating his work; "the secret is mine and it is not possible that he can guess or even suspect that any soul in the world except himself knows aught of the past."

Then the overseer got up, folded the paper carefully and put it in a secret pocket in the breast of his flannel undershirt.

Will Fayette had little idea of the impending blow.

### Treed by Red-skins.

#### A CAMP-FIRE STORY.

BY GEORGE W. BROWNE.

"STIR UP THE FIRE, WALD, THEN I'LL TELL YOU WHY I WENT ONCE TREED BY RED-SKINS."

The speaker, Max Hardy, was a true type of the "mountain-man." He was then my guide and companion, on a trip across the mountains, for pleasure and adventure.

After a few preliminary remarks, he commenced as follows:

"Thar war eight o' us camped on Beaver Creek, a fork o' the Yellowstone, and a harder set o' boys would be hard to find. Young Markhead war our leader, and he could hold his own with any man that ever set trap for beaver."

Then the overseer got up, folded the paper carefully and put it in a secret pocket in the breast of his flannel undershirt.

Will Fayette had little idea of the impending blow.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 181.)

boys made short work of them, and when the cowardly varmints saw that they war gettin' the worst o' it, they took to their heels, all that could; but more than half lay dead upon the ground. But I war the only one o' our gang that war hurt, excepting poor Ned.

"The boys then tended to my wound, which war so bad that now, the excitement over, I could not stand alone. They also buried poor Ned; but they let the red varmints lay. They said that beaver war plenty up the creek, and as soon as I war able, they should move.

"The next day, my wound feelin' a little better, we took up our traps, and moved to safer and better trappin'-ground.

"That war the toughest fix I war ever in," he added, "and if the boys hadn't hurried up, when they saw the smoke, and heard the shouts of the red-skins, then old Max Hardy would have had to gone under. Wag!"

## Field Sports and Pastimes.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

### BASE-BALL.

THE season of professional ball-playing for 1873, as far as the contests for the championship pennant are concerned, closed on Friday October 31st. It began practically on the first of April, on which day the Philadelphia club nine played a game at Gloucester, near Philadelphia, with a field nine and won by a score of 21 to 10. The Athletic club began to play the next day at the same place, they defeating a field nine by 52 to 7. On April 3d the Bostons took the field for the first time, playing the Harvard nine, the former winning by 12 to 5.

On April 5th the Atlantics began play on the Capitol Grounds, playing a field side, and winning by 27 to 7. It was not until April 28th that the Mutual club began play, they opening on that day in a game with the amateur Chelcassians, whom they defeated by 24 to 1.

On April 5th the Atlantics began play on the Capitol Grounds, playing a field side, and winning by 27 to 7. It was not until April 28th that the Mutual club began play, they opening on that day in a game with the amateur Chelcassians, whom they defeated by 24 to 1.

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## THE ENDING YEAR.

BY JOSEPH JR.

*How meet that we, while ends the year,  
Should sit with aspect civil,  
Recalling all the good we've done—  
Forgetting all the evil.*

*What have I done? Let me see:  
I've lifted up the lowly—  
A man fell through a cellar-way;  
I pulled him out quite slowly.*

*To one poor starving family  
In charity I've given  
Nearly twenty dollars' worth of flour—  
For a cow worth forty-seven.*

*I got four men to sign the pledge  
Who drink abstaining,  
Unless the weather should be dry,  
Or else unless it rains.*

*I've kindly given good advice  
(Which no one hardly follows,) Worth,  
When the market's dull, at least  
A hundred thousand dollars.*

*And no one knows the time I've spent  
On the affairs of others,  
And never charged them one red dime:  
I deem all men my brothers.*

*I've done my best in redressing wrongs—  
A man sold me his birthright;  
He drove down to the hospital  
Aboard a no-wheel'd shitter.*

*And I released one human soul  
That long in bondage tarried,  
She said sin rather would be free:  
(She'll very soon be married.)*

*I've done the best to tell the truth,  
Especially when truths laid down  
Must be considered lying.*

*I've fed the hungry by the score,  
(I'm partner of the house);  
I've clothed the naked and the poor,  
(I run a clothing cash-house.)*

*So taking all the year around,  
In spite of many a fatter,  
I think I've done as much real good  
As those who've done no better.*

## DICK DARLING,

### The Pony Express-Rider.

A CALIFORNIA STORY.

BY LAUNCE POYNTZ.

V.

The sun was sloping down toward the westward, and casting long, black shadows from the gigantic live-oaks that surrounded Fairfield's ranch, when a tall, wiry young fellow, on a bay horse, followed by a tawny bloodhound with black muzzle, rode toward the stockade gate from the direction of Yreka. Any mountain man would have recognized this rider as the well known Dick Darling, first Pony Express-Rider on the Overland Route, and now volunteer mail-carrier between Yreka and the Lava-Beds, where lurked the Modocs.

As Darling neared the ranch a pleased smile lighted up his face, and he murmured to himself.

"They do not expect me; I shall give them a surprise; but nothing to what they will have soon. My innocent little girl, how we have blinded her to the truth! But now it will not be long ere we—Holloa! what's this?"

As he spoke he reined up near the gate, and looked in surprise at the gun around the little spring under the live-oak. It was all torn up and trampled, as if by a struggle, a broken pitcher lay beside it, and the tracks of a horse at full speed led off into the prairie in the direction of the Lava-Beds.

Dick Darling cast a hurried glance at the gate. It was wide open, and his dog ran in, and was questing about the yard. Not a human being was in sight around Fairfield's. Impatient and anxious, he rode in, calling out:

"Fairfield! Lotty! Sophy! Where are you all?"

Nothing answered him but the echoes.

"By heavens!" he muttered, "there's Modoc craft in this, or I mistake. Some of Jack's band have been round here. How lucky I have Hector with me."

Then he rode hastily out of the deserted ranch, calling his dog; and soon stood by the scene of the late struggle. He spoke to the intelligent hound as if he was addressing a human being, saying:

"Hector, there's been trouble here. Some one has carried off your young mistress and her sister. Captain Fairfield's gone, and where I don't know. Find the fellow that carried off your mistress, boy. Seek him, Hector."

The great bloodhound looked up in his master's face with his head on one side, as if he understood every word. Then he turned round and basted over the trampled turf, snuffing and whining, till, at length, he threw up his head, and uttered a long, mournful howl of peculiar tone.

"Indians; I thought so," said Darling, nodding. "Seek them, boy."

Hector waved his tail slowly back and forth, and went off on the prairie at a long, swift lope, baying in low tones as he went, while Darling rode after him, rifle in hand.

Straight away from the setting sun he rode, bending to the north-east, the direction of the dreaded Lava Beds, wherein lay concealed Captain Jack and his band of savage Modocs. It was also the only road which was as yet unoccupied by troops, the only way of exit left to the savages out of the net of danger which surrounded them. None knew better than Darling that he was going every moment deeper into peril.

But, as he rode on, watching the dog, his thoughts were only absorbed by a single thought: "What had become of his friend Fairfield and his daughters?"

After half an hour's rapid riding, a clump of huge live-oaks looming up ahead, toward which the dog was making, announced that he was running his quarry to earth in all likelihood.

The young frontiersman cocked his rifle, increased his pace to a full gallop, and struck off on a circle so as to ride around the little grove. His experience told him that it most likely contained an enemy, and he did not wish to afford a skulking Modoc a chance of a cool shot.

The hound, separated from its master, kept on as straight as a die, dashed into the covert, baying loudly; and, a few moments after, out came three people at different points, all evidently raised by the dog.

Two of them were girls, mounted on a single horse. The third was an Indian warrior, coming out of the opposite side of the grove.

With a cry of joy Darling galloped toward the Indian, just as the two girls headed their single horse for Fairfield's ranch.

In another moment the faithful Hector bounded out of the wood and sprang savagely at the Indian on the other side. Darling threw his reins over his horse's neck, and fired a rapid shot out of his Spencer rifle at the Modoc. Like a flash, the other dropped over the side of his horse, swerved, and galloped away toward the very place whence the girls had emerged, still followed by the hound.

But the borderer noticed as he passed that the Indian had no gun, and recognized him as one of the bravest of the Modocs, Shasta Jim by name.

He could hardly understand the reason of the other for following the two girls, but he

dashed after him, wasting no more useless shots, but striving to close.

Shasta Jim swept on at full speed to the very place whence the girls had come out, where he suddenly stooped down to the ground, and a moment later sprang in his saddle with a yell of triumph, waving in his right hand a rifle.

To the late Darling saw the trick. The rifle had been there, lying on the ground, whoever it belonged to, and Shasta Jim had picked it up. Now it was a fair fight.

The Modoc did not continue his flight far. He only galloped out into the prairie to a sufficient distance to secure what sailors call an "offing"; then turned his horse, and began to near Darling.

Both the antagonists rode at a slow canter in a spiral, gradually contracting their diameter to approach each other on the left hand, each keeping his cocked rifle at a "ready," and watching his opportunity.

Had there been no disturbing element in the contest, Darling would have fared badly; for Shasta Jim was accounted the best shot of his whole tribe.

But one antagonist was there, destined to bring the Modoc to an untimely end. It was the dog Hector, who, with almost human sagacity, now aided his master to some purpose.

White and red were within fifty paces of each other, both horses cantering smoothly and steadily, when Shasta Jim leveled his rifle. Hector, who had been galloping along by the rear side of the Indian's horse, no longer giving tongue, sprung forward as the savage raised his piece. The dog uttered a startling bay, and seized Shasta by the leg. The rifle exploded harmlessly, and the bullet flew up to the sky as the Modoc, with a savage yell, turned on the dog.

In the same instant Dick Darling struck in his spurs and galloped in, delivering a single shot, when the muzzle of his piece was within three feet of Shasta's body.

With one last yell, the Modoc warrior threw up his arms and fell from his horse, as Hector let go his leg to seize him by the throat.

The riderless steed galloped away in terror, and the next moment Dick was off his horse, calling back Hector, and standing by the body of his slain enemy.

Shasta Jim was quite dead.

not important to our story, and last, though not least, mad Dick Kelly, known from Loup Head to Galway Bay as "Bould Captain Kelly"—a red-faced, red-whiskered, red-headed man of forty.

A bolder rider to hounds, a harder drinker, and a more reckless, wild "civil," County Clare, held not within her limits.

Of an old family, Dick Kelly had inherited a fine estate when he came of age, being an only son. He had served for a few years in his Majesty's Tenth, but had got into difficulties from his card-playing tricks and had been "allowed" to resign.

Ducks and drakes Kelly had made of his paternal acres; and so, on the night of All-Hallow-Eve, 1790, only the old family mansion, sadly out of repair, and a miserable fifty acres, heavily encumbered, remained to the sole representative of the Kellys of County Clare.

Little cared the captain: "a short life and a merry one" was his motto. Reckless and overbearing, prompt to resort to the family "hair-triggers" at the slightest provocation, trusting to his reputation as a dead shot to bully and browbeat better men than himself. Kelly had few friends and many enemies. But his courage was undoubted, and his many mad exploits gave him full right to his common appellation, "Bould" Captain Kelly, and in fact he rather gloried in the name.

"If I haven't the dirty gould," he would observe, with just the "faste" taste of the brogue possible, "there's not a man Jack of them all, from the Shannon to Galway, can come to the fore wid me when the spirit of a gentleman is concerned."

And the captain was quite right there. Few men in the county cared to quarrel with "Bould Kelly" who could snuff a candle at fifty paces, and who would rather go out on the bog on a frosty morning to settle an affair of honor than to shake a leg at the grandest ball with a lady, galore, for a partner.

But the worst enemies the gallant captain had to encounter were the "low-bred thieves of the world," the butcher, the baker and the haberdasher. They required money in payment of their little bills, and were not at all inclined to furnish supplies except for cash.

So in his dilemma, as his funds had run out,

At eight o'clock, O'Mara rose to depart, pleading a prior engagement.

Kelly scowled; he guessed that the young doctor was going to visit the heiress.

"Hold on a minit, Mister O'Mara!" Kelly exclaimed, with stately politeness, as he spoke; "drink a farewell toast wid me. Fill up, boys—bumpers. Here's long life and happiness to my wife, that is to be, Miss Cornelie Flynn!"

Everyone looked astonished at this wannt ext'p'nt O'Mara. He only smiled, filled up his glass to the brim, and winking at the rest of the company, said:

"It's proud I am to drink Captain Kelly's toast. Here's long life and happiness to Miss Cornelie Flynn, Mrs. Kelly that is to be—when he gets her!"

Every body expected an explosion; half of the company looked to see the bold Kelly emp'ly his glass in the face of the young doctor, but, on the contrary, that usually hot-headed gentleman coolly placed his tumbler on the table and glared with a sinister leer at the doctor.

"Maybe ye'd like to bet fifty pound that I won't marry the girl?"

"Double the money! I'll go ye a hundred that ye don't," replied O'Mara, promptly.

The bet was made and duly booked. O'Mara left the room, and Kelly and O'Shane, after a few more rounds of punch, followed.

"Are ye mad, Kelly, to risk a hundred pounds, and the chances ag'in ye?" O'Shane demanded.

"Araah now, hold ye whilst!" Kelly exclaimed. "Shure! it's a head I've got on my shoulders. The gurl won't have me of her own free will, I know; but, tare and own'ds! it's not for nothing that they call me Bould Captain Kelly. For a guinea I've bribed old aunty Callahan to persuade the colleen to comb her hair and look in the glass to see her husband over her shoulder, at twelve this night. It's itself that she'll see, for I've arranged it so that wid a couple of rapparees from the hills, I shall be in the house; then she'll faint likely, or if she don't, I'll throw a cloak over her head and carry her off to Mount Callan. I'll have a father there, and when the morning comes it's glad she'll be to marry me."

Viator would not go back to the city until he had shown us the delights of fish-spearing by the light of the jack.

At the Cape he found an old half-breed who had gone with him upon other expeditions and who hailed his return with rapture, but groaned in spirit when he knew that we could only spend one day with him, this season. As night comes on three boats are floating over a shallow upon the shore of the great lake, Ontario. Each boat is provided with a jack and a fishing-spear, modeled after the trident of father Neptune.

Fish-spearing is a science, and there is something wonderfully enticing about it. The salmon are the noblest of the lake fish—the salmon trout and salmon—the latter of which often reaches twenty pounds in weight. The jack is arranged so as to throw its light upon the water and not upon the shore, as in deer-hunting. No one, who has not noted the effect of such a light in shallow water, can have any conception of the clearness with which every object upon the bottom of the lake or stream is revealed. You can count the pebbles upon the bottom as you glide over them, magnified by the translucent medium beneath which they lie.

The boats are propelled by paddles, for, as in hunting, quiet is requisite, and these lake men understand the paddle well. Many of them are guides at some portion of the year, though they prefer boating upon the St. Lawrence, as a rule.

Harry Viator holds the spear in the bow of his boat and we who are not up to this sort of work watch him closely. From my place of the middle thwart, looking down into the water, I can see a great fish apparently within reach of my hand, but in reality six feet below the surface, moving his fins lazily as he creeps along over the pebbles. It is a salmon, the prince of the trout family, the reigning king of a noble house. Strange as it may seem, the light of the jack does not seem to frighten him in the least. Perhaps he imagines it is sunlight, but whatever the reason may be, he lies idly upon the bottom, unconscious of the terrible danger which threatens him. Viator stands up in the boat with his foot planted upon the gunwale, the spear in his right hand, while the left slides easily up and down the handle. Viator, in his gallant attitude, looks like a picture of a sea-god of the old days. The three-pronged spear, with its barbed points, is thrust suddenly into the water. There is a wild commotion; the muscles upon the spearman's arms rise like knotted cord, and after a desperate struggle, a salmon weighing fifteen pounds lies gasping in the bottom of the boat.

"A ver' good, Mossy Veeator!" cried the half-breed.

"He'll do, Lewie," said Viator, as the boat glided on.

"Would you like to try for one, Scribbler?"

I knew that I could beat him at that game, so he took my place and I stood up with the fish-spear in my hand. I noticed a peculiar grin upon the faces of Lewis and Viator, but did not understand what it meant just then. I soon found out.

"Don't lean too far out of the boat when you strike!" said Harry. "These boats are light, you know, and you are not exactly a baby weight. Look sharp now and you'll see a fish."

I soon saw one, and to my excited fancy, he was at least five feet long. I don't think now, as I reflect in the light of reason, that he was quite as large, but he was big enough to make trouble.

"Look out, old fellow!" whispered Harry.

"Look out, now, if you love me, for that is a wopper."

I leaned over the side a little, as I had seen Harry do, and struck! Any one who knows the deceitful nature of water in such a light as this, and looking into it at an angle, may imagine the result. The points of the spear went into the sand about two feet from the fish, and yet I imagined that I had taken good aim. The fish, as if caring nothing for the effort of such a spear as I, waved his fan-like tail in derision, and moved slowly away out of the circle of light. A quick sweep of Lewis's paddle again brought him into view, and Harry would have taken the spear from me, but I resisted.

"No, no, Viator. I'll fix him this time, sure!"

"Humph; I'll let you try once more, but I tell you it takes practice to handle a spear."

"Aha!" said Lewis, "ver' true, Mossy Veeator. I give you ver' many lessing before you succeed, eh?"

I was bound to have that fish, this time, and when we came near enough, I struck with a vindictive force, which ought to have accomplished wonders, but failed to do so. I came to unspeakable grief, for when the spear arrived at the bottom of the lake, the fish was not there, and the spear went into a bed of soft sand, to a depth of at least eighteen inches. I had leaned pretty well over to get a good blow, and finding it somewhat easier to go out of the boat than stay in it, I chose the easier course. I always did like the easier way, though, and so I went down to pull up the spear. As I went out of sight a burst of hyena laughter from both boats announced the fact that those fellows exulted in my fall; and Dan, the hero of "Spirit Lake" and "Mad Creek," was louder, more fiend-like in his laughter than any one else. Perhaps he remembered how he fell into the quicksand and I helped him out; I wouldn't do it again.

They pulled me into the boat, a wetter and wettier man. I at once resigned my commission, for I had no further desire to distinguish myself in spearing salmon, and sat dripping in the boat while Harry again took the spear, and in less than five minutes the giant fish which had caused my downfall was floundering in the bottom of the boat, pierced through by the triple spear.

In spite of my condition, and my inability to participate, it was grand sport. The moving lights, the figures of the spearmen in the bows, outlined against the sky, the men at the paddles and the strange glare cast upon the water by the jack, and the gloomy background of forest on the shore, combined to make a picture grand and beautiful.

I have since learned that unless you strike directly upon the back of the fish, it is next to impossible to hit one with a spear if you do not allow for the increased density of the medium through which you see it. I can strike a fish now, with some prospect of success, but at that time am free to say that I was a failure.

"The sturgeon are jumping, Mossy Veeator," said Lewis, as we pulled back with a loaded boat. "Have ze rifle ready."